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HISTORIC HOUSES OF AMERICA.

THE MINOT HOUSE, DORCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.

IT has been truly said that the history of the American Indians, like that of the Carthaginians, has been written by their enemies. I know of no task that may, even now, more profitably employ an impartial

have received but scanty acknowledgment at the hands of our historians. We have now shifted places with the Indian, and he now occupies a position somewhat analogous with that of the first English settlers on the shores

time, and that a not very remote one, since the sentiment of a large and influential section favors his extermination. The Indian problem is about the only one in which we have pursued an unvarying policy—a system



THE MINOT HOUSE.

pen than the annals of this doomed race. Their savage mode of warfare, the cruelties they practised, and all the darker phases of character, have been largely dwelt upon; their virtues, their heroism, and their wrongs,

of New England. We have become great and powerful, while he has grown weak and despised. Like them, he is to-day struggling for mere existence, but, unlike them, his final disappearance has become only a question of

of evil augury to him, if we contrast his situation of to-day with that of two centuries ago. It is vain to believe that any plan of legislation will be potent enough to arrest the wave that is sweeping him from the face of

the earth. One remarkable phase of the question is, that, in a country overflowing with sympathy for the oppressed, and in which even the dumb animals are a subject of organized benevolence, no earnest effort is being made by philanthropists for its solution. Very soon, therefore, we may expect the total disappearance of one of the distinct races of the earth—a people that, in spite of close association with the white man for more than two centuries and a half, have preserved to a degree that is simply marvelous their dress, habits, and religion.

The artist has carefully reproduced, in the sketch accompanying this paper, a venerable building, which enjoys the peculiar distinction of standing within the municipality of Boston, having been brought within her limits by annexation of the territory as far south as Neponset River, and including the ancient town of Dorchester. Over this region, and before the descent of the pale-faces on his coasts, the Sachem Chicataubut once held sway, until gathered to his fathers a few years subsequent to the English settlement at Boston. The house is a representative structure of its time, wholly alien to modern ideas, and the requirements of our domestic economy. Of every hundred observers brought by accident or curiosity to its vicinity, it is safe to say ninety-nine would vote it an old barn, and wonder that it was permitted to encumber the ground, now worth many times the few shillings paid the Sachem Chicataubut. Still, it can claim a consideration arising from more than two centuries' possession of the spot, beginning with the time when Boston and New York were sea-coast villages, and Dorchester a hamlet. To-day it is, indeed, different; but, though this house is now infolded by the outgrowth of a plantation formerly five miles away, two remote periods have so approached each other, that we are able to contrast the simplicity and rigid economy of the one with the grandeur and enlarged resources of the other. The illustration dispenses with further description except to say that, when built, the house was rather superior to the average farm-houses of the time, and that the windows, as they now appear, belong to a period much later than the first or even the second generation of occupants.

In building outside the larger towns, the idea of defense was always prominent with the early settlers, and they built strongly. A glance at the engraving shows the well, shaded by a decaying apple-tree, within a few feet of the front-door. At the time of which I write, the Indians were, in a great measure, unprovided with fire-arms; their dependence being yet on their primitive weapons. So clearly was it opposed to public safety, that French, Dutch, and English, alike discountenanced, and even punished, the selling of guns and ammunition to the red-man, until, becoming embroiled with each other, either employed the savages in their own behalf, and put in their hands the arms of European warfare. In the first Indian war, with the Pequots, the English considered a buff-coat, such as was then worn by the troopers and foot-soldiers, as arrow-proof, yet they were often pierced, while the shafts rattled against the steel cap and corselets as viciously as did

the English cloth-yard bolts at Hastings or Agincourt.

As is well known, the war with the Pequots occurred in 1637, while young Harry Vane was Governor of Massachusetts Bay, when the power of this, the most dreaded of all the New-England nations, was then virtually destroyed. As there was no other outbreak of consequence until Philip's War, in 1675-'76, little occasion existed for the erection of garrison-houses—I mean, such as were afterward expressly constructed with the view of defense—until after this war, nor have I met with any among the few remaining in New England that can be satisfactorily traced back of this time. The garrison-houses proper, so far as I am able to judge from their own architecture, and the exigencies which called them into being, belong to the period of the French and Indian War, arising from the counter-revolution in England and accession of William III.

During Philip's War the houses called garrisons were no more than ordinary dwellings, designated by the colonial magistrates because of their situation and capability of defense. All the frontier settlements had these garrisons, known by the name of their regular inhabitant, receiving in time of danger a quota of soldiers, and affording a refuge to the neighboring families upon an alarm. These houses were, at first, nothing more than fixed rendezvous in every village. With their massive frames, and walls filled in with brick or plaster, they were bullet-proof, and often withstood a regular siege. At a later day the idea of a better defense originated a class of block-houses embodying something of the rules of military art. They were built of logs or hewn timber, fitted to join closely, and having an upper story projecting so as to give fire upon such as might approach the walls with hostile intent. But, as the overhanging story was a common feature of English architecture of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, it is not to be inferred that all houses built in this style in New England were erected for defense alone.

Perhaps of even greater interest than the fact that events dating from the Restoration in England down to the present time have been discussed in our old house, is that it commemorates an act of female heroism not infrequent in the days of savage incursions, as the narratives of Mrs. Rowlandson, Hannah Duston, and others, abundantly certify.

In July, 1675, the house was occupied by the family of John Minot. One Sabbath, while all but the maid-servant and two young children were absent, an Indian who had been watching his opportunity came to the door, and attempted to enter the house. Finding the door fastened, he tried to gain an entrance by the window. The young woman had observed the Indian's motions. She had the presence of mind to hide the children under two brass kettles, and then ran upstairs and charged a musket. The savage, quicker than she, leveled his gun and fired, but missed his aim. Our heroine now discharged her musket and wounded the Indian in the shoulder, but he was not so disabled as to give over his design, and still attempted to force his way through the window. The

maid then seized a shovelful of hot coals and thrust it into the fellow's face. This decided the contest in her favor. The Indian fled to the woods, where he was afterward found dead five miles from the house, his face scorched and scarred by the burning embers. This was probably a stray warrior of Philip's partisans, and was the nearest any hostile Indian approached the New-England capital during the war. I need not say with what pleasure I should record the name of the damsel whose courage equaled her presence of mind, but unfortunately I have not been able to meet with it.

The family of Minot in America probably originated with George, the first settler of the name in Dorchester. Of this name, the author of the "History of Massachusetts" and of "Shay's Rebellion" is known to all students of American history, and his name is especially honored by the Massachusetts Historical Society as one of its founders. It is said that, in the old burying-ground of Dorchester 'here was once a stone with this inscription:

"Here lie the bodies of Unite Humphrey and Shining Minot;
Such names as these, they never die not."

This old church-yard contains some of the most interesting monuments to be found in the land. It incloses the dust of Richard Mather, father of Increase and grandfather of the more celebrated Cotton Mather; of John Foster, who printed the first book in Boston, and over whose remains is the most curious sepulchral stone I have ever seen. On a freestone slab in this yard are the following lines:

"HEARER LYES OVR CAPTAINE AND MAJOR OF SUFFOLK
WAR WITHALL
A GODLY MAGISTRATE WAS HE AND MAJOR GERRALL
TWO TROVES OF HORSE WITH HIM HERE CAME SUCH
WORTH HIS LOVE DID CRACE
TEN COMPANIES ALSO MOVENING MARCHT TO HIS
GRACE
LET ALL THAT READ BE SVRE TO KEEP THE FAITH AS
HE HATH DONE
WITH CHRIST HE LIVS NOW CROWN'D HIS NAME
WAS HUMPHRY AHTERTON.
HE DYED THE 16 OF SEPTEMBER, 1661."

SAMUEL A. DRAKE.

MOONSHINE.

MRS. HAMLYN stood alone in her nursery, turning over some of the children's lesson-books, when the door was opened noiselessly, and a head put inside.

"How do, Gracie?"

The little lady turned with a start at the sound of the voice, and, seeing the smiling face looking in, ran forward with extended hands and a cry of wonder and delight.

"Ned! what a surprise! I thought you were a million miles from here. Did you drop from the clouds?"

"Not far from them," was the laughing answer. "From the Rocky Mountains, at least."

Mrs. Hamlyn drew her brother inside, and installed him in the easiest chair the room afforded, as if she thought a man from the Rocky Mountains must be in special need

of repose. The man in question did not seem to object to this theory; he leaned back and made himself very much at home.

"Is there any reason, Gracie," he said, presently, as, during a lull in the fire of questions, his eyes wandered round the room, "why that picture should not hang straight—excessively bad though it is? The work of the revered Parkinson, I suppose? But I should have thought she would have hung it at a right angle—being made up of them herself."

"For shame, Ned!" said Mrs. Gracie, laughing, then growing grave. "Miss Parkinson has gone away."

"Am I expected to express my sorrow for that event?" asked Edward Locksley, laughing. "It's more than she would do by me, for she always treated me with a quite particular grimness."

"Yes, her manner was sometimes unfortunate," assented Mrs. Hamlyn; "but she did her duty by the children."

"By-the-way," put in her brother, "has she taken the children with her? or what has become of them?"

"They are out walking with the new governess. I am not sure if she equals Miss Parkinson in all respects," musingly continued Mrs. Hamlyn, more interested, naturally, than her brother in the governess-question; "but in music and French she is decidedly superior. Nina's accent shows the difference already, and Helen is really getting quite a style on the piano. Her greatest fault is, she is too good-looking."

"A fault on the right side," remarked Locksley, smiling.

"I don't agree with you at all," returned Mrs. Gracie, rather sharply. "It would be much preferable if she were plainer. But I must allow," she added, softening, "that she shows no disposition to take advantage of her beauty. Her manner is as correct as Miss Parkinson's herself."

"I am heartily sorry to hear it," irreverently replied Locksley. "But hark! they must have come back; surely that is Nina's break-neck style of coming up-stairs."

There was a kind of jig danced through the passage, and then the door flew open.

"O mamma!—Why! Uncle Ned!—Nellie, Nellie, here's Uncle Ned!"

And Uncle Ned was speedily made deaf and blind by the extremely demonstrative welcome accorded to him by the children, while their mother looked on with an indulgent smile.

"They have not seen him for so long!—It is my brother, Mr. Locksley, Miss Courtenay, who has been—"

Mrs. Hamlyn's explanation was never finished, for her brother, who had begun to extricate himself from Nina's embraces, finished the operation with a start, and turned to the averted figure in the background.

"Miss Courtenay!"

"Mr. Locksley!"

"I did not know you were old acquaintances," remarked Mrs. Hamlyn, looking on. "Quite a surprise."

"Quite," said Miss Courtenay, with a chilly little smile. "I was not aware that Mr. Locksley was your brother, and certain-

ly did not expect to meet him again like this."

"Nor I to meet Miss Courtenay so. And forgive my venturing to add that I am as sorry as surprised," continued Mr. Locksley, in a lower voice, meant only for her ears, but which, nevertheless, reached the quick ones of pert little Miss Helen.

"Well, that's not very polite, Uncle Ned," said she, "to tell Miss Courtenay you're sorry to meet her again!"

"Not sorry for the meeting, Helen, but for the cause. Miss Courtenay understands."

"I understand and thank you," Miss Courtenay replied, but in a tone which robbed the acknowledgment of any undue graciousness. It is probable that her manners were eminently correct, for they were certainly very cold.

Mrs. Hamlyn left her children to their lessons, and took her brother down-stairs to her sitting-room.

"I had no idea you would find an acquaintance in my new governess," she began again, tentatively, when she had him safe there.

"Nor I" (spoken with the air of not finding the subject entertaining).

"Do you think her handsome?" (after a pause).

"Very." The answer was decided, but given with an indifference that prevented its being disquieting. The next question was put with more curiosity than anxiety.

"Do tell me under what circumstances you met her. Was she a governess then?"

"On the contrary, she was an heiress."

"An heiress! Really! I supposed she had had reverses, but she never talks about them."

"Unlike the late lamented."

"Yes, that's true; that was a great drawback with Miss Parkinson. I know nothing more tiresome than to have the people about one continually talking of having seen better days."

"You should prevent it by making their present days the best," said Locksley.

"You do say such queer things, Ned!" said Mrs. Gracie, not quite following his drift. "You're just as peculiar as ever, I see."

At another time he might have remarked that a short sojourn among the Sierras was hardly likely to change his mental structure; as it was, he turned away in silence, and, walking to the window, stood there looking out. But what he saw there was a far different picture from the meaningless stucco-work and absurd little balconies of across the way—a picture having for background an old stone mansion, darkened with years and mosses, looking down, from its height, far over rolling meadow-lands and orchards, and the river glancing in and out between—an old house, with old elms about it, and before it a wide, level lawn, green with June turf and bright with June roses; and, in the foreground, somewhat removed from the rest of the merry party, two figures—a girl, with crisped, fair hair and arched, red lips, who stands leaning lightly on her mallet, with one slender foot poised on the croquet-ball, her whole sunny face kindled with a dangerous charm of coquetry as she lifts her great,

black-lashed, gray eyes to the eyes looking down into them. And these two were Miss Courtenay and himself.

They had been something more than "old acquaintances;" hardly lovers, and yet something very like it. In that time past, scarcely yet a year ago, his looks and tones had told over and over the story he had never put into words. And that he had never put it into words was due to that same dangerous charm of coquetry. It was very bewitching, certainly, but a trifle alarming, too. The game was very pretty to watch, but he had no idea of putting his heart at her mercy, to be played back and forth like the croquet-ball under her foot. He did not mean to let her hold on him get too strong; and, when he found it becoming so, he took refuge in flight, and believed that she would soon come to be to him like other fancies past and gone. But no other fancy had ever been like this; he had never forgotten her, and this second meeting, under circumstances so different, had moved him more than he would have cared to own. He felt such a pity as he thought of her misfortunes, such an impulse to let in some ray of sunshine on her life to thaw that little icy crust which had gathered about her alone in the shade. She was cold and constrained with him now, naturally enough; but he would presently change all that; he would bring her back to what she had been, frank, bright, bewitching, yes, coquettish, even—anything would be better than that "correctness" which his sister praised, and which was intolerable to him in its unlikeness to the dangerous charm of the girl he had been, as he put it to himself, so near falling in love with.

All of which, if he could have accomplished it, would have been a very questionable service to Miss Courtenay in her present position. But he could not. As the days went on, not one step nearer could he get to her than on the first. He saw her, indeed, constantly, making, as he did, his home with his sister; but, for all the help that was to him, he might as well have been the most formal of visitors. Without the slightest affection or impoliteness, she quietly kept him at such a distance that he had not even a chance to remonstrate—only once, at least, and it was gone before he fairly realized that he had it.

He was smoking alone in the hybrid little apartment dignified in the Hamlyn household by the name of library, when Miss Courtenay entered. From his position, she did not see him until the door was closed; then, as he sprang up, she half started back.

"You are not going to run away because I happen to be here, I hope, Miss Courtenay," he said, smiling. "If it is absolutely necessary that one of us should go, let it be me!" Spite of which speech, however, he made no corresponding movement.

But Miss Courtenay, it appeared, had already repented of that first impulse. "Pray don't disturb yourself," she said; "my errand here is merely to get a French book for Nina."

"Pray allow me," he said, opening the bookcase. "What was it you wanted?" and he took down the volume she named;

but, instead of giving it to her, held it in his hand, turning over a leaf here and there.

"Miss Courtenay," he said, suddenly, "do you never think of old times?"

"Why should I not?" she answered, quietly.

"But—you are so changed—"

"I suppose we all change with time," said she.

"But all don't change into ice, do they?" said Locksley.

"That is a question I really cannot answer: universal knowledge is not required from a governess," and the gray eyes were lifted for a moment with something of the old gleam in them. But directly, in the usual chilly tone: "Give me the book, please, Mr. Locksley. Nina's lesson is waiting."

"Laura—" he said, softly (she had been Laura to him in those days).

But, with a little impatient frown, "I beg your pardon, but my time is not my own," she said; and had taken the book from his hand, and retreated before he could gather his wits. And, after that, Miss Courtenay's visits to the library were made at hours when Mr. Locksley was known to be out of the house. So the weeks went, and he could find no second opportunity without a more direct advance than her reserve allowed, and so, after a time, he declared to himself that he no longer desired one; that she was quite changed from her old self; that she no longer interested him; and that he would leave her to play propriety undisturbed; which threat he would, perhaps, undoubtedly have carried out but for his sister.

Midsummer was coming on, and town, as Mrs. Gracie declared, getting unendurable. Useless to appeal to Mr. Hamlyn—by a pleasant legal fiction, he and Mrs. Hamlyn were supposed to be one, but he was really and truly wedded to the ledgers and invoices and all the other dusty counting-room paraphernalia wherein his heart and soul were bound up—it would have done about as much good to ask him to go off for a couple of months pleasuring as it would to request the same favor of a Cherokee chief on the war-trail. Mrs. Hamlyn knew this only too well; but, as she said, "It was so stupid going off alone! Now, why can't you come with us, Ned?" she concluded; "do, now, there's a dear boy!"

"Well, Gracie," said Locksley, after some deliberation, "I will, to please you, on one condition: that you don't go to Saratoga, or Newport, or the White Hills, or to any of those fashionable man-traps; but just find out some quiet country-place where we can call our souls and our bodies our own."

Mrs. Hamlyn gave one sigh to the feminine vanities to be renounced, but consoled herself by the reflection that such a place as her brother insisted on would be the very best thing for the children. "And I do believe," she cried, in another minute, "I know exactly the place for us—Black Harbor; Mrs. Tennant took her invalid sister there last year; the air is magnificent, she says, and it's quiet as the grave—"

"Cheerful place for an invalid!" parenthetical Locksley.

"And I dare say," continued his sister,

absorbed in her plans, "we could be accommodated in the same farm-house where they staid. Let me see, what room shall we want? There'll be Miss Courtenay and the children, you, I, and Augusta Lollard—"

"Miss Lollard is going with us?" inquired Edward Locksley, quietly enough, but with a certain gleam in his eye, which, for some reason or other, appeared to disconcert his sister.

"Yes;" then, after a pause, "what on earth is there against her going?"

"Nothing on earth or in heaven against it, so far as I know," replied Locksley, carelessly; "I merely asked the question."

A short time found the party safely established on the *terra incognita*, and proved to them the truth of Mrs. Tennant's description. Black Harbor has not yet been "discovered," in the fashionable acceptance of the term. One may lie on the cliffs for hours together, with no other voices in his ear 'an the murmur of wind and wave, no other movement before his eyes than the sailing cloud and the shifting sea—may lie there, if hunger will let him, from morning till night, without having his attention called to the flight of time by that rotation of toilet which, at a fashionable watering-place, marks the hour almost as accurately as the sun-dial. As a change, this pleased Locksley amazingly. So it did the two Hamlyn children, who could scramble and shout on the rocks to their hearts' content. Whether their mother and their mother's friend, Miss Lollard, were equally satisfied, is another question.

Miss Augusta Lollard was a very pretty and a very persistent young woman, and that she was still Miss Augusta Lollard was neither her own fault nor that of numerous admirers. Perhaps, if it had been closely inquired into, the fault might have been found at the door of Edward Locksley, Esq. It certainly was not at Mrs. Hamlyn's. She had done her utmost, and it was her greatest chagrin that the strings would not work at her pulling. And now a strange puppet, over whom she had no control whatever, had intruded on the scene. This unwelcome puppet's name was George Hastings, who, as Mrs. Hamlyn lamented, had followed Augusta Lollard to Black Harbor, thereby deranging all those careful combinations from which the plotter had hoped so much in these few precious weeks of isolation.

George Hastings was Miss Lollard's cousin. Mrs. Hamlyn said he wanted to marry her. Doubtless he did, and it was for her sake he staid so contentedly in the wilds of Black Harbor; for her sake also, doubtless, that he exerted himself to be so civil to Miss Courtenay. For who does not know how the discord of a single member may destroy the harmony of a whole party? George Hastings was evidently bent on preventing so undesirable a result.

Mrs. Hamlyn, for reasons of her own, winked at these civilities of Mr. Hastings to the governess. The governess did more than wink—she shut her eyes to them. As she had ignored Edward Locksley before, so she ignored George Hastings now. She could not shun him bodily, for she must come and go at the bidding of another; but, though her

movements were not her own, her perceptions were, and, if she chose to turn these inward and abide in darkness, there was nothing in the world that could prevent her.

That was what she was doing, somewhat more literally than usual, to-night. It was a moonlight night! That is easily said; but there is moonlight and moonlight, and to attempt to convey in words the flood of splendor which poured from this moon, would be like trying to picture the ocean in a storm with a piece of chalk and a black-board. They were all on the piazza together; but, while the rest gave themselves the full enjoyment of the moonshine, Miss Courtenay sat a little withdrawn in the vine-draped corner—a kind of shadow in the shade.

"Well," said Mrs. Hamlyn, breaking a pause, "Saratoga and Newport are very well in their way, but 'twas worth coming here, wasn't it, to get this moon?"

"Why, do you think, then, Gracie," laughed Locksley, "that Black Harbor has a moon all to itself?"

"Now, there you have answered your own question, Locksley," put in George Hastings. "That's just it, Black Harbor has a moon all to itself, while at Saratoga and Newport it is divided among so many as not to be worth reckoning."

"New fact in astronomy, discovered by the celebrated astrologer Hastings! And is that why you came to Black Harbor, to study the planets?" continued Locksley, with a quizzical glance, not thrown away on its recipient.

"Why I remain, perhaps, but not why I came," said he. "That, if you must know, was pure curiosity. Impossible to pass this rock-bound coast on my way—"

"Is Black Harbor on the way to anywhere?" murmured Locksley, incredulously.

"Without pausing to inquire after the health of Robinson Crusoe's interesting family—"

"Which interested you to that degree that you concluded to remain as Man Friday, for, by right of priority, I claim to be Crusoe myself."

"You may be Crusoe if you like, but I beg you won't fasten such an unlucky name on me. I'll have nothing to do with Friday in any shape."

"Why, Mr. Hastings, I should never have thought that of you!" cried literal Mrs. Hamlyn. "But I believe somebody has said we all have our pet superstition."

"Somebody was very moderate, then," replied George; "I have a great many of all sorts."

"Tell us some of them, George," said his cousin. "Do you believe in 'the magic of the moon,' for instance?"

"Ask a confessed astrologer if he believes in the moon!" exclaimed Locksley. "I have no doubt he can cast horoscopes himself."

"Certainly I can," said George, gravely. "I have all sorts of diabolic knowledge, from astrology down to common fortune-telling."

"Charming!" cried Miss Lollard, clapping her hands. "Then begin now and tell us ours. Here we are, all ready."

"All but Miss Courtenay," said George,

peering forward, not for the first time, into the vine-shadows, "who persists in denying us the light of her countenance and herself the light of the moon. — Why do you do it, Miss Courtenay? Why do you keep in the shade?"

"Some people are better in the shade," replied Miss Courtenay, with a gayer ring than usual in her voice.

"On the principle of contraries, I suppose," said Hastings.

"Well, there is no accounting for tastes," said Miss Lollard, with a sort of little shiver, "but, for my part, I like the light and detest the shade."

"Fortunately, you are not likely to have much of the latter," said Locksley, on whom Laura Courtenay's tone had not been lost.

"Also on the principle of contraries, I presume," rather poutingly, said Miss Lollard.

"No, on the truer principle of like to like. I don't profess to be a fortune-teller like your cousin," he continued, "but I think I could guess at yours," and he touched with his the diamond-ringed fingers twinkling in the moonlight.

"Go on, Locksley," said Hastings, gravely; "we are all deaf and blind here."

"I know"—and there Locksley stopped short, for a sudden wind-gust had lifted a vine-branch aside, and for a breath's space he had seemed to see Laura Courtenay's eyes fixed on him, with tears in them, and a look of pain and reproach on her pale face. Then the vision fell into the shadow again.

"You were saying—?" suggested Miss Lollard, as he continued silent.

"I don't know," vaguely replied Locksley, who had indeed no longer any idea of what he was saying.

"Singular corollary the last part of your sentence forms to the first," remarked Hastings, laughing. "'I know I don't know!' Well, to know one's ignorance is the first condition of wisdom."

"Is it, really, Mr. Hastings?" said Mrs. Hamlyn. "And what is the second?"

"To know when to go," answered Hastings, rising and tossing away his cigar-end, "which shows that even I have some feeble glimmering of mind; for, I know I do know it is time for me to take myself off.—Will you walk down the road with me, Locksley? No? lazy fellow! Well, good-night, then; good-night, Mrs. Hamlyn; good-night, Gussie; good-night, Miss Courtenay—don't let me take you out of the shadow!"—in a tone which sounded much more like "Do let me take you out of all shadow!"

Miss Courtenay had risen with the rest, but when the two other ladies strolled down to the gate with Mr. Hastings, she resumed her seat. After a moment, Locksley came up, and stood leaning against the pillar beside her.

"What a magnificent night!" he said, uttering the commonplace words in what he vainly strove to make a commonplace tone.

"Yes, indeed," And Miss Courtenay's tone was commonplace enough.

"One seldom sees such moonlight. Only look at the sheen on that meadow over there. One might fancy it a lake."

"Moonlight is very deceptive," she re-

plied, with a certain apathy that suggested a lack of interest in the conversation.

"Very!" said he, significantly, stung by her manner. "Do you know, it almost made me fancy I saw tears in your eyes a little while ago?"

"Tears in my eyes!" she repeated, turning them full on him, nothing but a kind of mocking surprise in them now. "And, pray, what did you fancy brought them there? Did you think I was crying for the moon, like a spoiled child?"

"I thought—that is, I fancied—I hoped—"

"You do not seem very certain of your own mind to-night," she interrupted his stammering; "perhaps because you are as sleepy as I am."

It was no great compliment to avow her sleepiness in his society, and he hardly knew how to answer. Nor, had he known, was there time, for the two ladies came up, and they all went in and went to bed.

That is, the others did; as for Locksley, he was in no mood for rest; he was angry with himself for what he had said to Miss Lollard, and with Miss Courtenay for what she had said to him; at odds with her, himself, and the world at large. So he sat up smoking and staring at the moon, instead of enjoying that sweet slumber which visits innocent pillows.

It was only a day or two later that, strolling up a bushy green lane beside the farmhouse, he came suddenly face to face with Miss Courtenay. This time there was no mistake about the tears in her eyes, nor about the agitation of her face.

"Is this moonlight, too?" he could not resist saying, but, before he could add another word—

"Don't stop me—don't stop me!" she cried, almost wildly, and, slipping past him, was out of sight in an instant.

What could have been the matter? The question absorbed him so that presently he failed to notice that his sister's face, too, wore a look of worry.

"Oh, dear, what a vexatious world this is!" she sighed at length.

"What rose-leaf has doubled up now?" he asked, absently.

"It's nothing to jest about, Ned. I shall hate to have to part with Miss Courtenay."

"Part with Miss Courtenay!" Mr. Locksley was wide enough awake now. "But why in the world should you?"

"Well—you see, dear Augusta and she don't quite get on together. It's very trying, with Nina's French, and Helen getting such a good style," continued Mrs. Hamlyn, plaintively, "but I have no choice."

"You have the alternative. Part with dear Augusta," said Locksley, coolly; then, as his sister looked puzzled and indignant—"But, never mind; just tell me, if you can, why Augusta Lollard don't get on with Miss Courtenay? Come, Gracie," as she looked mysterious, "since you have said so much, you might as well say more—and perhaps I may hit on some plan to help you, who knows?"

"Well," began Mrs. Hamlyn again, hesitatingly, "the fact is, Augusta fancies—it's nothing but fancy, as I tell her, but she won't

be persuaded—she thinks Mr. Hastings is inclined to be attentive to Miss Courtenay, and, of course, she is annoyed—"

"Why annoyed?" interrupted Locksley.

"Does she want him herself?"

"No, of course not! but naturally she wouldn't like such a match for her cousin—"

"Oh! Well, go on."

"Well, to-day it seems she saw them together, and that put her out; and so, when she got Miss Courtenay alone, she—Augusta is high-spirited, and—I fancy she spoke pretty plainly."

"Delicate proceeding!" muttered Locksley, and relapsed into a brown study.

"Ned!" said his sister, presently.

"Well?"

"Did you really mean what you said about helping me?"

"Why, certainly, I would if I could—"

"You could if you would," put in Mrs. Hamlyn, so significantly that he waited with some curiosity for her to explain herself.

"You know," she continued, rather haltingly, "I have planned—that is, hoped, for ever so long, you and Augusta would make a match. And I am sure she—that is, I don't think she dislikes you, why should she? She has seen so much of you, my brother, too; and then you know, Ned, you are not a bad—"

"Enough, Gracie," interrupted her brother, laughing. "No need of so much apology for such a flattering hint. Consider my delicate sense of propriety appeased, and come to the point."

She came to the point with a jump.

"Well, then, if you would offer yourself to Augusta, she would be too much pleased to bother about Mr. Hastings or any thing else."

"You overwhelm me! I must consider your suggestion," said Locksley, coolly, as he rose. "So that was the cause of the tears? I wonder if it will influence her answer to Hastings's proposal when it comes, as come it will," he said to himself, and, perhaps with a view to gaining some light on the question, he went out on the piazza, and looked about for Miss Courtenay. But she was not visible, neither then nor during the remainder of the day. A headache—which feminine stalking-horse Miss Courtenay, to do her justice, rarely made use of—excused her from leaving her room, so that Locksley had to defer whatever plan he had formed of satisfying his curiosity.

But the next day gave him his revenge. He found the governess on the cliffs, overlooking the gambols of Nina and Helen near by. She could not leave the children, consequently she could not leave the children's uncle, as she looked very much inclined to do. He hastened to improve the position, having resolved on a bold game.

"Miss Courtenay," he said, in a low voice, "I beg your pardon most sincerely for speaking as I did yesterday. When you were so agitated, too—and no wonder!" Then, as she remained silent: "You see, I know all about it now."

She turned her face toward him, with a singular mixture of annoyance and apprehension on it.

"Those were most uncalled-for remarks

of Miss Lollard's," he resumed, ignoring the fact that his own at present might thus be qualified, "about Mr. Hastings."

The apprehension faded all at once out of her face, leaving a look almost of relief instead.

"Ah, so it was not that," thought the quick-witted observer; and then, with a sudden change of tactics, he risked his trump.

"May I ask, Miss Courtenay, what Miss Lollard was good enough to add about me?"

This time the face was turned away, and it was flushed.

"I—really excuse me, Mr. Locksley, but my private affairs can hardly interest—"

"Excuse me, but as they seem to have become complicated with my private affairs—however, I scarcely need trouble you to answer; I fancy I can make a tolerably clear *résumé*—now, Miss Courtenay, since you have let Miss Lollard speak for me, you can't, in common justice, refuse to let me speak for myself."

And it would appear that his speaking was to some effect, inasmuch as Miss Courtenay was presently heard to remark, hesitatingly, "But your sister has set her heart on your marrying Miss Lollard."

"And I have set mine on marrying Miss Courtenay."

"But Mrs. Hamlyn would never consent to your marrying her governess."

"One would think Mrs. Hamlyn was my governess!" rejoined Locksley, rather impatiently. And then the special pleading was renewed. And Miss Courtenay looked as if she did not find the uncle of his nieces so very objectionable after all.

"And what answer shall you give Hastings, Laura?" asked Locksley, gravely, after a pause.

"I shall refer him to you," replied Laura, with equal gravity.

"*In loco parentis*?" And then they both laughed, just as if it was not any thing but a joke for poor George Hastings, who was very much in earnest, and deserved better treatment. But then lovers never have any heart, except for each other. Besides, Laura Courtenay was just now thoughtlessly happy, for had she not loved from the very first this man beside her, whom she had believed lost to her forever, and who had just broken down the double barriers of pride and misunderstanding?

"Gracie," said Locksley, later, to his sister, "I have solved your dilemma. I have proposed—"

"You dear, good boy!" cried Mrs. Gracie, in an ecstasy.

"And, what is more, have been accepted."

"Not much doubt about that!" said Mrs. Hamlyn, unable to resist launching this little feminine shaft at her friend.

"I can assure you I had some very uncomfortable doubts. But love is blind, they say."

"So it all comes round, just as I planned," sighed the little lady, contentedly. "And now I can keep Miss Courtenay."

"Why, no, you can't," said her brother, "for I want her myself."

"What on earth do you mean, Ned?"

And then he told her all, and resigned

himself with what patience he might to his *mauvais quart d'heure*.

"Didn't I say it was her greatest fault she was too good-looking!" said Mrs. Hamlyn, plaintively, at last.

"And didn't I say it was a fault on the right side," returned her brother, laughing. "Come now, Gracie, don't take it hard. Naturally I want to marry to please myself, but it won't please me entirely unless you will agree to be pleased, too."

And after a while she did agree, as he knew she would. For Mrs. Gracie, if a shallow, was by no means a bad-natured woman, and very fond and proud of her brother, in spite of what she called his whims. So finally she gave not only her consent, but her blessing, so to say, to the projected match, and was quite prepared in all kindness to be a mother to the bride till such time as she should become her sister.

Locksley's wedding-tour was not taken in Europe, nor yet in Asia, Africa, or any other foreign continent; for he had a notion that his own was large enough for the purpose; so the journey began and ended in America—ended, moreover, in the country, on the lawn of an old house with old elms about it, and a rolling panorama of wood, and water, and meadow-land below.

"Do you think, Mrs. Locksley," he said, gravely, to his astonished wife, as the carriage drove up the familiar avenue, "that, with your spirit of dissipation, you can manage to get through some part of the year in these wilds with no better company than mine? What, crying already?" as she glanced up at him with eyes that had a happy mist over them. "Well, that is a bad beginning. Still I won't quarrel with your tears, considering that, if I hadn't happened to see them one moonshiny night, perhaps we should never have been here together so."

"Oh," said she, gayly, with one of those quick transitions that belonged to the Laura of the old days, "you are very fond of bringing up that moonshiny night, but what you are pleased to call my 'unhappiness' then was all moonshine, you know."

"Indeed!" said he. "And your present happiness, is that all moonshine, too?"

She looked up in his face mischievously, with the tears still hanging on her lashes.

"Yes," she laughed, "honeymoonshine."

And then he lifted her out of the carriage, and led her through the door of the old home that had closed on Laura Courtenay, and now opened again to Laura Locksley.

KATH PUTNAM OSGOOD.

A VISIT TO THE NEW PARISIAN OPERA-HOUSE.

TEN years ago, a band of workmen commenced digging the foundation of a vast edifice at the junction of the boulevards, the Rue Scribe and the Rue de la Paix. On that site was to arise the grandest and most magnificent of all temples ever dedicated by national wealth or enthusiasm to the Goddess of Song, or intended to be the home of the lyric drama. Night and day toiled the work-

men engaged upon it, but six years elapsed before it was finally roofed in, crowned with its diadem of bronze decorations, and adorned with its myriad statues. This was in 1870. A few months later came the disastrous Prussian War, and afterward the Commune; the vast unfinished edifice became a storehouse for provisions—a desecration which probably saved it from total destruction. The republic found itself too poor to continue the work of completing the Opera-House, and it stood a good chance of becoming a ruin while yet unfinished, or, like the cathedral at Cologne, of being celebrated even in its incompleteness, when the destruction of the old opera-house in the Rue Lepelletier gave a decided impulse to the work; the necessary appropriations were granted, and the task of completion was begun forthwith—the architect promising that the day of inauguration should not be delayed beyond the first day of January, 1875.

Of course, there have been many attempts made to gain admission to the building, but permission to enter there is very difficult to obtain. The vast interior, dimly lighted and swarming with workmen, and presenting numerous pitfalls, in the shape of open floorways, unprotected heights, etc., is really dangerous to an unwary visitor. It is reported that over a hundred workmen have, at one time or another, lost their lives in the Opera-House, mostly from being jostled from the narrow scaffolds which at one time surrounded the whole of the interior, and lined the dome of the ceiling; for, in the pressure of their haste, the government inspectors of the work have caused as many men to be set to work inside of the house as could possibly be packed therein. Therefore, to visitors, in addition to the ordinary dangers mentioned above, there was superadded another and an extraordinary one—namely, that of having a decorator or a mason precipitated from the heights above upon their heads. It has been rather a favorite "lark" of enterprising Americans of the stronger sex to make an entry by some one of the back-doors, when the workmen were for a moment absent, and some even got so far as to penetrate to the first lobby, but there or thereabouts they were pretty sure of meeting with a stern-eyed policeman, who would politely inquire their business, and show them forthwith out of the door. One gentleman, who managed to evade the watchfulness of the guardians, and to effect an entrance, became at length bewildered amid the dark passages and brick-work columns that extend around the stage, and could not find his way out. There he was discovered by one of the leading workmen, who angrily bade him "get out."

"That is exactly what I want to do!" eagerly exclaimed the bewildered explorer; "just put me outside of the door, and I'll give you five francs and my best thanks for your trouble."

Another and more fortunate individual "faced in" more successfully. Getting himself up *en grande tenue*, and tying a bit of scarlet ribbon in his button-hole, he marched boldly in on the heels of a party of workmen, touching his hat to the policeman on duty as he passed, and, by dint of his grand air, his

perfect assurance, and the business-like manner in which he stared up at ceilings, peered into dark corners, and solemnly contemplated frescoes and mosaics, he was allowed to complete his inspection unchallenged and unmoled. But such an instance is almost unparalleled for successful audacity, and of late even the architect himself has been prohibited from introducing parties of friends into the interior of this jealously-guarded palace of song.

It was, therefore, with a special permit from the Minister of Fine Arts, and under the safe-conduct of Dr. Evans, our celebrated, chivalrous, and patriotic fellow-countryman (he who, in our nineteenth century, has emulated the graceful and self-devoted chivalry of Lauzun in the seventeenth, acting, like him, as escort and defender to a forlorn and dethroned queen), that I found myself approaching these rigorously-guarded portals. The policeman in charge steps aside to let our party pass. It includes M. Bager, the director of the Théâtre Lyrique; General Torbert, the United States consul-general; and a cluster of fair American women, fresh and lovely as so many half-open roses. We find ourselves in a cold, damp passage-way of arched brick-work, the ground beneath our feet carpeted thick and soft with the dust of the white stone of which the edifice is constructed. We have come in at one of the doors to be reserved for the artists hereafter, and the broad, substantial-looking staircase that stretches upward before us is literally the back-stairs of the establishment. Up we go, following the steps of a guide in shabbiest attire, yet with the ribbon of a decoration displayed upon his dust-powdered coat. On the first floor we come upon the dressing-rooms, of which there are five suites; these are the first-class dressing-rooms for prima donnas and primi tenori, etc. Wonderfully neat and comfortable little apartments are they—not mere closets or holes cut in the wall, but small rooms, quite as spacious as those appropriated to ordinary travelers at Long Branch or Saratoga, and each possessing two mirrors, one immensely long one set into the wall, which will show off the occupant's toilet from plume-tip to shoe-heel, while a smaller one, placed above the mantel-piece, is evidently intended to be consulted in making up the countenance and arranging the *coiffure*. Then there is a neat closet at one side, with pegs, shelves, etc., for the bestowal of all articles of dress; there is ample store of gas-fixtures for illumination, and a large window for the admission of air; and altogether the star, whether Nilsson, Krauss, or plumptitudinous Sasse, who will occupy this room, will have no reason to complain of its accommodations. Next we are led round and about in right bewildering fashion till we are conducted into an immensely long, narrow room, with what to our inexperienced eyes appears to be a double line of wash-stands running down the centre of it, and a continuous line of pegs around the walls. This is the dressing-room of the *corps de ballet*, each member of which is to have one of the wash-stands aforesaid assigned to her, in the lower part of which she can put her stage finery, while on the shelves above she can

place her mirror, cosmetics, etc., and on the pegs behind she will suspend her discarded street attire. The stars of the *ballet* have, of course, each a dressing-room to herself, like the sovereigns of song. I looked up and down the long room, and tried to fancy the bustle, the chatter, the animation, caused by hundreds of lively tongues, and twice the number of frisky legs, which would soon reign there supreme. But we are not left there long to contemplate the possibilities of the future or the realities of the present; our guide goes forth again, and we follow him up-stairs and down-stairs, through dust and bricks and general confusion, till we reach what seems to be a high-vaulted corridor of massive brick-work. Here our guide pauses. "This, ladies and gentlemen," he says, impressively, "was to have been the reception-room and audience-chamber of the emperor, where he would have received the visits of foreign ambassadors, etc. Yonder"—and he pointed to a glimmering aperture in the distance—"is the opening of the imperial box; and here"—he continued, coming forward and pointing to a broad marble staircase descending downward to the depths below—"is the staircase leading from the covered carriage-way which you see from the outside. That is the portal to which leads the celebrated carriage-road, the construction of which caused so much bitterness of feeling in bygone days among the opponents of the empire in France." One of the last acts of Napoleon's reign was to order that one of the imperial carriages should be driven up and down the ascent to see if it presented any difficulty. We looked at the staircase with some interest, and one or two of the more adventurous of our party started off to explore the imperial box, notwithstanding the warning cries of the guide. Not particularly spacious, and differing in no perceptible respect from any ordinary operatic proscenium-box, it was, in dimension and aspect, something of a disappointment. The reception and audience rooms are to be closed up and left unfurnished.

We were next conducted to a broad platform, in front of which, and only separated from it by a railing, a huge dark space yawned, cavernous and vast, the stage of the Grand Opera. Far above, the eye lost itself amid a maze of machinery; below, it descended into as vast a depth of gloom, for, as the flooring was not yet laid, we were able to estimate the size of the great underground apartment beneath the stage. From the proscenium to the roof, and from the stage-floor to the floor of the cellar beneath, there is exactly as much space as there is from the stage-floor to the flies, so that a scene can be raised bodily in the air or sunk beneath the floor without any rolling or sliding, or any such ordinary methods of displacement. Far off in the dim immensity, a single workman was toiling by the light of a lantern, his figure showing exceedingly small by reason of the surrounding space. Behind us, and at the very back of the stage, the workmen were busy at the decorations of a small but superb apartment, its roof supported by twisted columns, and its walls and cornice covered with groups of Cupids, clusters of flowers, and masses of fruit, moulded

in high-relief, and all soon to be one blaze of gilding. This gorgeous shrine is to be the dancers' green-room, wherein the members of the *corps de ballet* are to assemble before going on the stage, from which it is to be shut off by a movable partition only, so constructed that in grand spectacular pieces the partition can be removed and the whole depth of the green-room added to the stage. Its back wall, which fronts, of course, toward the auditorium, is to be formed of one superb and gigantic mirror, which, reflecting the myriad lights and the gay groups of the stage, will give an effect of illimitable distance and never-ending perspective. Then we passed round to the front of the house, and, picking our way over masses of rubbish, broken plaster, etc., we speedily found ourselves standing on what is to be the full-dress tier, the first row of boxes.

Here the first shock of disappointment smote us. Very beautiful was the painted dome above, very rich and gorgeous the masses of gilded ornamentation that bordered the ceiling, very graceful the outward sweep of the semicircle, and very massive and solid-looking the ornamented front of each tier, composed, not of wooden panels or even of gilt iron-work, but of the stone-like stucco known here as *pietre faïce*, or imitation stone. But the size of the auditorium was bitterly disappointing. The theatre itself looked small, not a grand and imposing hall like the San Carlo at Naples, or La Scala at Milan, but a pretty and moderate-sized theatre. Well adapted it may be to show off the rich dresses of the Parisian ladies, or the weak voices of Parisian artists, but not the opera-house that was to be the world's wonder when completed. The boxes are of cramped dimensions, adapted to hold only four persons each (two in front and two behind), and that with no superfluity of room, while the tiny *salon* behind each will hardly afford much room for promenading or receiving. The lobbies, too, are of fatally squat proportions, the ceilings being, at a rough guess, about nine feet high—at least, such was the height of the second-floor lobby as calculated hastily by a gentleman of our party—and when lighted at night they will look, I should think, like so many tunnels.

"How many persons will the auditorium hold?" I asked of our guide. "It will seat twenty-four hundred persons," was the answer. Twenty-four hundred—and that not with "ample room and verge enough," as we have seen in the boxes, but seated as closely as the places can be contrived. And our opera-houses at home, at least those of New York and Philadelphia, will seat over three thousand each!

We gave a last glance at the dome, painted, as our guide tells us, not upon canvas, nor even upon plaster, but upon sheets of copper, and we are then conducted to the grand staircase. There, at least, no disappointment was possible. Magnificent in design, vast in proportions, and of costliest materials, it sweeps upward in unbroken lines to the very summit of the building, its broad steps being of white stone, its hand-rail of Sienna marble, and its balustrades of red Egyptian porphyry set on a base of polished verd-antique.

Light railings of exquisitely-wrought bronze shut in the openings by which the lobbies of each tier open on the staircase, the grand tier having to itself an open, projecting balcony, on which the spectator can look upon the scene below. Over the front of this balcony one of the party leaned and said, gloomily, "What does keep the carriage? I wish it would come! I am so tired of waiting. There!" he added, springing backward with a laugh, "I am the first person to utter here these words, which will be doubtless so often repeated in this very spot."

We were next led into a corridor, the roof of which was dazzling to behold, covered as it was with brilliantly-hued Venetian mosaic-work set in a background of gold, and thence we passed into the most gorgeous room in the edifice, the immense and magnificent *foyer*. Vast as a cathedral, yet with its huge pillars, and broad panels, and lofty door-ways, all worked with the minute and lavish detail of decoration which might befit a lady's bracelet, and all one sheet of gold, unbroken save by the spaces left for the pictures of Baudry; one solid mass of gilding from central arch to floor-way, for size it might be the banqueting-hall of a palace; for beauty, and finish, and glitter, it might be the jewel-casket of a queen. The eye fairly ached with the dazzle of its splendor, the intricate details of its magnificence. Through the vast windows poured the bright light and soft atmosphere of the autumn day, the wide portico outside, with its massive pillars and carvings, seeming but the adjunct to the magnificent hall within. When the spaces on the arched ceiling and the medallions on the walls are filled in with the paintings prepared for them, the beauty of this room will be perfect; a thought too gorgeous, perhaps, but still marvelously effective and striking.

The restaurant and "ice-creamery," as they call it here, is still unfinished, nor will it be completed for another year. Seven rooms are to be devoted to the consumption of refreshments, I am told. But are people supposed to come to the opera to eat and drink? An ice, a *sorbet*, a few cakes, a plate of fruit, or at most a glass of wine and a sandwich, appear to me to be the only refreshments appropriate to such a spot and occasion. And for such small needs methinks that less space and less elaborate preparation would suffice.

We were then conducted down a side-staircase (of which I am told there are six, all in solid stone and iron), and we are shown a niche and basin wherein a statue is to be placed. The figure at present there is a failure, and will have to be removed. It is of bronze, and represents a negro girl, with very wild hair, perched in a most uncomfortable attitude upon the peak of a pointed pedestal. It was purchased by the late emperor from the Duchess Colonna, whose work it was, and by him presented to the opera, and it has been transported hither and thither in the vain hope of finding an appropriate place wherein to put it; but everywhere it looks ill, and takes up too much room. Even the basin of the fountain rejects this unsuitable tenant. A little farther on we emerge into a low, circular hall, supported by pillars, and with an

elaborately fretted ceiling, which is to be gilded all over like the walls and ceiling of the *foyer*. This is the waiting-room for the servants; here, on softly-cushioned benches, lackeys and footmen are to lounge, awaiting the termination of the opera and the coming of their masters and mistresses. Up to the wide-arched door-ways beyond, the carriages are to drive to receive their fair or gallant occupants. And through this door-way we pass out into the open air, half choked with the powder of the white stone, and plentifully bewoiled therewith. We have seen that new wonder of the world, the Grand Opera of Paris.

And, as I review my impressions of that sumptuous structure, there are two ideas that recur most forcibly to my mind. The first (and in this I speak, not merely as a citizen of a republic, but as a devotee of music as well) is, that there is no place in that splendid temple of art for the people, the class from whose small necessities are wrung in France the taxes that support the government and enable it to rear such edifices as these. No wide amphitheatre or spacious upper gallery, as in our opera-houses at home, affords to the toiling artisan the chance of listening to the great singers or the great operas of France at a price within his limited means. It is a gilded casket for that paste-ornament to a people, the aristocracy, not a school for the taste and culture of a nation; the working-man has no part or lot therein. Then, too, the immense size of the appendages to the theatre compared with the limited size of the auditorium itself, is rather remarkable. In restaurant, and *foyer*, and staircase, and waiting-room, there has been space prepared for thousands, while the theatre itself affords seats for hundreds only. As an opera-house, it gives one the impression as of a small-sized woman weighed down with regal robes and overloaded with massive gems and ornaments. Frankly, as an American citizen and a Philadelphian, I would not exchange our plain yet noble-looking opera-house on Broad Street, with its ample seats, its fine and spacious auditorium, and its perfect acoustic qualities, for this gilded toy of a dead empire. Sixty million francs—twelve million dollars in gold—have been swallowed up in this splendid kennel, whose core, the theatre itself, seems so small and trifling by comparison with its surroundings. Every thing is on a grandiose scale about this opera-house except the opera-house itself.

It is reported that the injurious lowering of all its proportions was caused by Louis Napoleon's cherished whim of having a carriage-road leading directly up to the door of his box. If this be true, and I had the fact from unquestionable authority, the emperor has had much to do with marring the perfection of his costly toy. Viewed from the exterior, the building is far too long and too broad for its height, the dome is effaced behind the façade, and it lacks at least twenty feet more of elevation to be of just proportions.

On the 1st of next January the formal opening will take place. Every seat is already bespoken, and fabulous prices are being offered for a ticket. Nilsson, who is to be

the prima donna of the occasion, makes heavy pecuniary sacrifices to secure that honor. She has been obliged to curtail her engagement to Russia, where fabulous terms were offered to her, in order to give the managers of the French opera the ten nights which they demanded, and for these ten nights she is only to receive four hundred dollars per night, one-third of her usual terms. The "Casta Diva" is said to be inordinately fond of money, but, by her accepting the conditions of the French managers, she has shown that she loves the glory of her art even better than its solid gains.

LUCKY H. HOOPER.

THE PRISONS OF LONDON.

II.

THE GOVERNMENT CONVICT-PRISONS.

"THE sentence of the court upon you, therefore, is, that you be kept at penal servitude for the remaining term of your natural life." The judge records the sentence upon the papers in front of him; the bar adjust their wigs, pull together their gowns, shuffle their briefs, and prepare for the next case; the turnkey in the dock touches the prisoner upon the shoulder; he bows to the court, and goes below to think upon the sentence. Good God! and what does it mean? Not five years, nor ten, nor fifteen, nor twenty-five—life! It took ten years to turn the infant into the lad, ten more to bring him to years of discretion, ten to form the lad into a man of mature years. And what an age it all seemed! There was home, to begin with, and then school, and then going out into the world hopefully, and then the stern realization of what life meant, increasing work and trouble and anxiety, a little of happiness, the loss of many dear friends, the weariness of hope deferred, the faint glimpses of the way to success, the up-hill ploddings in attempts to reach it, and the one false step. Why, a boy's school-days seemed to him a lifetime, with their little hopes and fears, troubles and intervals of holiday-making and happiness; but, to look back over the first thirty years of one's life, and to attempt to realize all that has taken place in that space of time, is surely to engage in a task of almost hopeless accomplishment. And to spend the remainder of the allotted three-score years in prison—it is an awful thought! Take only one day in an ordinary correctional prison: a stone cell, with a heavy-barred window; a door which chills one with its massiveness of iron boltings; a rude bed of boards upon the floor; a meagre breakfast of bread and oatmeal, dinner of bread, and supper offering no variety from the day's breakfast; hard, drudging, unremunerative labor; an attempt at conversation checked by the certainty of punishment following, and with it all the disgraceful badge of the felon. Imagine for the instant, if you can, three hundred of such days multiplied by thirty, and then give a passing thought to the poor wretches who fill the convict-prisons of the world, condemned to penal servitude! We shall hope in this present article to describe

the way in which sentences of penal servitude are carried out in England.

The least term of penal servitude to which a convict is sentenced in England is five years, and, according to the offense committed, six, seven, eight, ten, and so on to twenty-five, the limit terminating with the man's life; and it would be well to bear in mind that the word "convict," in England, is only applied to persons sentenced to terms of penal servitude. There are in Great Britain ten convict-prisons for men, and three for women. Those for men are as follows: Millbank, Pentonville, Woking, and Brixton, in and near London; Chatham, Portland, Portsmouth, Parkhurst, and Dartmoor, in the provinces; Perth and Paisley, in Scotland. Those for women are Millbank, Fulham, and Woking, in the neighborhood of London. The male convict-prisons provide accommodation for 9,891 persons; the female for 1,891; and the grand total of persons who can be received in these convict-prisons is 11,282. All these are government convict-establishments, managed under the Secretary of State for the Home Department by a board of four directors, of which Colonel Du Cane, C.B., is the chairman, who visit every convict-prison once monthly, at least, to see that the orders given are carried out, that no irregularities are permitted, to hear appeals or requests from the prisoners, and to act magisterially in trying charges brought against them by the wardens and prison officials.

In England, a sentence of penal servitude is, in its main features, and so far as concerns the punishment carried out, on exactly the same system to every person subjected to it. After sentence, the convict is sent either to Millbank or Pentonville, which are what are termed "close prisons," and where he must remain, under any circumstances, for nine months, passing the whole of this time—except, of course, that allotted to chapel and exercise—in his cell. This term of probationary isolation is intended to work upon the mind of the prisoner, and to make him feel the serious penalties—only now beginning to be enforced—attaching to wrongdoing. The hard labor exacted of him is oakum-picking and crank-turning in Millbank, which differs in this respect from Pentonville, where more remunerative labor is most in vogue, in the shape of mat-making, weaving, tailoring, and shoemaking. Each cell in these prisons contains a rough wooden bed on the floor, a tin water-jug and basin, a couple of blankets and pair of sheets, a crank-machine, and little else. A slit in the cell-wall, or an opening in the door, enables the warden to look in unawares upon the prisoner, and see that he is safe and well-behaved. Here the convicts work twelve hours a day, exclusive of meals—three pounds of oakum being required to be picked, or fourteen thousand five hundred revolutions of the crank, with a pressure of fourteen pounds, to be made, at full labor, any interval of spare time being spent in the never-failing and wearying work of oakum-picking. The dress of all convicts in the "close prisons," except those sent up from other prisons for good conduct at the expiration of sentence, is a rough, brown-fustian shirt and breeches, stamped

all over with the government mark of the "broad arrow," blue-woolen stockings, with red stripes, shoes, and a brown-fustian Scotch cap. This uniform is only changed as a man advances in work and is promoted to another class. At Pentonville or Millbank, then—both of which are built on the same general plan, which will be illustrated by a description of Holloway in a succeeding paper—at these prisons, then, paying dearly for the one false step, or previous course of crime, by the dull monotony of their every-day life, the hard work, scanty fare, unceasing supervision, and wretched feeling of despair which must be the lot of some, the convicts in England work out their terms of probation. On a given day, before the expiration of this first year, handcuffed and linked together by chains, the convicts who have served out their probationary terms are sent off to one of the "public-works prisons" at Chatham, Portland, or Portsmouth; or, if in indifferent health, and incapable of hard labor, to one of the light-labor prisons at Dartmouth, Parkhurst, Brixton, or Woking. From this time, it may be said, the convict really commences his term of penal servitude, by working at hard labor on government works, and by falling into that system of "marks" which we shall now explain, and which will be seen to have a very material effect both on the man's condition in prison and his future prospects at leaving on the expiration of his sentence.

Every convict in England during the term of his imprisonment is required to pass through the following classes, viz.: Probation class, one year, during which he must earn on public works 720 marks. Third class, one year, during which he must earn on public works 2,920. Second class, one year, during which he must earn 2,920 marks, after which he is eligible for promotion to the first class. Every convict is thus required to remain in the probation class for a minimum period of one year reckoned from the date of conviction, nine months of which are passed in separate confinement. Prisoners in this class can earn no gratuity, as in the other classes; are not permitted to receive visits, nor to write or receive letters from friends, except one letter on reception from separate confinement; and are only allowed one period of exercise on Sundays. Good conduct and industry having, in the governor's opinion, qualified the convict for advancement to the third class, he has black facings, as a distinctive badge, added to his convict-dress, and obtains the following privileges: permission to earn a gratuity of twelve shillings, being at the rate of one shilling per month for twelve months, by marks; to receive a visit of twenty minutes' duration once in six months; and both to receive and write a letter once in six months; and to be allowed one period of exercise on Sundays; all this supposing that his conduct has been good. Promotion to the second class is followed by the substitution of yellow for black facings in the convict's uniform, and by the following privileges: permission to receive a visit of twenty minutes' duration, and both to receive and write a letter once in four months; to earn a gratuity of eighteen shillings, being

at the rate of one shilling and sixpence per month for twelve months, by marks; to be allowed choice of tea and two ounces of additional bread instead of gruel, a privilege, let it be told, most highly prized by convicts in the English prisons; and to have two periods of exercise on Sundays.

The convict, still going on well, advances, in the next year, to the first class, when he changes his yellow for more honorable blue facings, and obtains additional privileges as follows: permission to receive a visit of half an hour, and both to receive and write a letter once in three months; to earn a gratuity of thirty shillings, being at the rate of two shillings and sixpence per month for twelve months, by marks, until three pounds have been earned altogether; to be eligible, if his conduct and industry are good, and if special circumstances should render it desirable, to be recommended on discharge from prison for a further gratuity not exceeding three pounds; to be allowed the choice of tea and bread instead of gruel, and baked instead of boiled meat, and three periods of exercise on Sundays.

After this, again, comes a special class, in which the convict changes his brown convict-suit for a blue dress, and where he is eligible for an extra remission of sentence, and for employment in the general service of the prison—in the bakery, kitchen, etc. Having so far endeavored to explain the system of minor rewards to be earned by marks, which are apportioned thus:

8 marks per diem for steady hard labor,
7 " " for a less degree of industry,
6 " " for a fair but moderate day's work,

we will now consider what greater reward this earning of marks carries along with it. By the law of England every convict has it in his power, by good conduct and industry in prison, to earn a remission of one-fourth of his sentence calculated from the day he leaves separate confinement. This ticket-of-leave system was introduced when the Australian colonies protested against any further transportation of convicts; and, although it operates as an inducement to good conduct and due performance of hard labor in prison, it yet operates as a part of the penal-servitude system outside by retaining a hold on the convict until the whole period of his sentence has expired.

And here, we think, is the proper place to speak more fully of this admirable system of rewards and punishments in the penal-servitude system of the United Kingdom, believing that it is well worthy the attention of all interested in penal systems.

The directors of the English prisons give it as their opinion that the crimes which fill the convict-prisons are, in the main, those which are committed by people who live by or partly by crime—in fact, by the habitual and professional offenders against the law; people who, in a large number of cases, have gone through a lengthened training, and acquired a certain skill in crime, and have considered themselves qualified for more large ventures, which, when detected, are followed by the heaviest form of secondary punishment known to the law. It then becomes necessary to consider—granting the above

opinion to be sound, and based upon the facts—what are the courses of action which may tend to diminish crime in a state? There is, in our opinion, one, the first and foremost: to cut off crime at its source by subjecting to industrial training the children of those who become criminals through neglect and evil teaching. Another: to provide a thoroughly reliable, and, as far as possible, perfect system of police, which shall insure the utmost facilities for detecting and convicting offenders. A third: so to frame punishment as to make it both deterrent and reformatory. A fourth, the last, but not the least necessary: to form an effective system of secondary punishment. And we consider it a most necessary and merciful provision of every penal system that it shall have belonging to it, but quite apart from government control, and separately administered by private charitable persons, a well-founded Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society. There is clearly a most noteworthy and yearly diminution of crime going on at the present time in England. At this moment of writing we have visited seven London prisons, and gone through them thoroughly, seeing what was to be seen, and hearing what was to be heard, paying little attention to returns, blue-books, or prison statistics, but simply keeping our eyes before us and our ears wide open. And we have found serious crime to be sensibly diminishing in England.

"Can't account for it, sir, positively," said the good matron of Holloway to us, "but this I know, that every year I'm receiving fewer women."

We fancy we hear some disbeliever ask for proofs. Well, beyond our own personal knowledge, which, we trust, after so much prison, may go for something, we have a parliamentary return telling us that, twenty years ago, when the population of England and Wales stood at 18,616,310, there were 20,388 persons sentenced to various terms of imprisonment, and 2,742 sentenced to penal servitude, plus 280 transported. In 1872, when the population stood at 22,904,108, there were but 9,318 imprisonments, and only 1,514 sentences of penal servitude passed. The life-sentences passed in 1872 were less than those passed in 1854 by more than one-half. This is a most cheering state of things, and how has it been brought about? In a very large measure by the passage of the Habitual Criminals Act, and the Prevention of Crimes Act, some important provisions of which we shall now, and in our own way, endeavor to point out.

A complete hold is now had by the police upon every felon going into a convict or correctional prison through the aid of photography. In every English prison there are volumes of portraits, *carte-de-visite* size, of every prisoner who is, or has been, an inmate of the jail. This portrait is supplemented by a written description of the subject of it. A system of mutual interchange of portraits from the "Rogues' Gallery" is kept up between all the prisons, and, on the expiration of a convict's sentence, a present of his *carte de visite* and condensed biography is made to the office of the chief commissioner of police, and in some cases to the societies for aiding dis-

charged prisoners. The week, also, before a convict's sentence expires, he is visited, along with others about leaving, by a formidable array of the detective corps, who, without being permitted to hold any intercourse with the prisoners, are permitted to walk through their ranks as they stand drawn up in the central hall of the prison, and to take mental note of any peculiarities worth noticing, as well as to see—in the case of correctional prisons—if any prisoners present are "wanted" on other charges. By these means the police outside are kept well informed of all criminals going in or out of prison, and are enabled to carry out, with a certain degree of accuracy and circumspection, many of the provisions of the acts above mentioned, which require some tact and much caution in dealing with them. By the latter law, which has had every thing to do with diminishing serious crime in England, a person convicted on indictment of a crime, and a previous conviction of a crime being proved against him, may, at any time within seven years after the expiration of the sentence passed on him for the last of such crimes, be held guilty of an offense against the Prevention of Crimes Act, and be liable to imprisonment with or without labor for a term not exceeding one year under the following circumstances, or any of them:

"1. If, on his being charged by a constable with getting his livelihood by dishonest means, and being brought before a court of summary jurisdiction, it appears to such court that there are reasonable grounds for believing that the person so charged is getting his livelihood by dishonest means; or—

"2. If, on his being charged with any offense punishable on indictment or summary conviction, and on being required by a court of summary jurisdiction to give his name and address, he refuses to do so, or gives a false name, or a false address; or—

"3. If he is found in any place, whether public or private, under such circumstances as to satisfy the court before whom he is brought that he was about to commit, or aid in the commission of any offense punishable on indictment or summary conviction, or was waiting for an opportunity to commit, or aid in the commission of any offense punishable on indictment or summary conviction; or—

"4. If he is found in or upon any dwelling-house, or any building, yard, or premises, or in or upon any shop, warehouse, counting-house, or other place of business, or in any garden, orchard, pleasure-ground, or nursery-ground, or in any building or erection in any garden, orchard, pleasure-ground, or nursery-ground, without being able to account to the satisfaction of the court before whom he is brought for his being found on such premises."

After the cessation of transportation to the penal settlements, it became very evident to the government that, in a country of limited extent like Great Britain, and with her densely-populated towns, it was necessary to take steps to prevent the formation of a criminal class at home, in the very midst of the industrious and thriving. The present ticket-of-leave system was the outgrowth of the colonial system, so modified as to meet the necessities of old-established, well-populated cities. There could be no roaming far and wide through unsettled districts, and among the few-and-far-between squatters to be met with in Western Australia; the convicts had now to be draughted in with the honest hard workers, and from this there was no escape, save by promoting emigration, which in such form was not to be thought of; and the question then arose, How could this best be done without injury to the general community on

the one hand, or injustice to the convict himself on the other? It seems that a satisfactory answer has been found in the facilities given to the police for proving convictions. The convict was now to suffer a period of police surveillance which should protect both the public and the convict himself, if he showed a disposition to profit by his previous course of industrial training in prison. He was to be left entirely alone by the police, who knew all about him—quite as much, perhaps, as he knew about himself—and his prison career, provided he conducted himself properly, and complied with the requirements of the law in his case provided. Directly he overstepped his license, the police were down upon him, and clapped him into jail, and a conviction proved before the magistrate robbed him of all "benefit of doubt," and back he went again to the old life in prison. At first sight this may seem to be hard upon the transgressor; but the way of transgressors is hard, and the industrious and honest must be properly protected from paying to any extent for idleness and dishonesty. There is an outlet made from a portion of this police surveillance through the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies, which we shall explain now in getting back to the convict and his "marks" in the public-works prisons.

Supposing a convict to have been properly behaved, and to have obtained his full number of eight marks per day, he earns the full remission of sentence allowed by the law, viz., one-fourth. Therefore, by strict attention to the prison rules, and due performance of his allotted task, the man sentenced to ten years' penal servitude in England leaves confinement at the end of seven years and nine months, worth a gratuity of three pounds, which, if the governor thinks fit to recommend, may be increased to six pounds; but upon ticket-of-leave or license until the whole period of his ten years has elapsed. This conditional pardon runs as follows:

WHITEHALL.....day of.....187..

Her majesty is graciously pleased to grant towho was convicted of.....at the.....for the.....on the.....day of.....18.....and was then and there sentenced to be kept in penal servitude for the term of.....and is now confined in the.....Prison..... Her royal license to be at large from the day of his liberation under this order, during the remaining portion of his said term of penal servitude, unless the said.....shall, before the expiration of said term, be convicted of some indictable offense within the United Kingdom, in which case, such license will be immediately forfeited by law, or unless it shall please her majesty sooner to revoke or alter such license.

This license is given subject to the conditions indorsed upon the same, upon the breach of any of which it shall be liable to be revoked, whether such breach is followed by a conviction or not.

And her majesty hereby orders that the said.....be set at liberty within thirty days from the date of this order.

Given under my hand and seal,

(Signed)
Chairman of the Directors of }
Convict Prisons.

TRUE COPY.

License to be at large.

A convict's ticket-of-leave is liable to forfeiture unless he complies with its conditions, which, among other things, demand that he shall abstain from any violation of the law,

not habitually associate with notoriously bad characters, such as reported thieves, etc., nor lead an idle and dissolute life, without visible means of obtaining an honest livelihood. He must, furthermore, while holding such ticket-of-leave, notify his place of residence to the chief of police of the district in which he takes up his residence, and any change of it, as well as report himself once a month to the chief of police, or some other person whom the chief may appoint. Besides all this, a ticket-of-leave man must not remain in a place forty-eight hours without notifying his intended residence to the police of the district. These conditions being complied with, the police on their part are strictly forbidden to interfere with any convict so as to make his condition known to any of the inhabitants of the town or place in which he resides. Now, it is obviously the duty of society to prevent, as far as possible, these poor unfortunates released from penal servitude from falling into criminal courses again; and, in London, society—though in a too limited way, perhaps—has undertaken this duty by forming an association known as the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society—whose office, by-the-way, is at 39 Charing Cross, in case any reader of this paper may be interested in learning more of this excellent institution—which society is in constant, everyday intercourse with the convict establishments, ready to look after prisoners about to take their discharge or ticket-of-leave. Every man is advised by the governor and chaplain of his prison, if he has no prospect of employment or respectable friends, to seek the society's assistance; and all men who do so give a written authority to the prison officials to pay the whole of the gratuity into the credit of the association. Proper account is kept of how this money is expended, the discharged prisoner giving a receipt for each advance he receives, which is made with discretion in some such way as the following: Those prisoners who have respectable friends or means of employment in the country are sent away without delay, and placed under the supervision of the police of the district to which they go. They are furnished by the society with suitable clothes, with tools, stock-in-trade, and an advance of money, have their railway-tickets procured for them, and are sent off to their respective destinations by one of the society's agents. They write from time to time to the society, and no remittance of money is made them until the society is quite satisfied that they are living respectably. Those who are destitute of friends or present employment, and remain in London, are under the surveillance of the society's officers, assisted by certain of the police specially intrusted with the duty. These officers visit discharged prisoners from time to time, and give a daily report of their whereabouts and conduct, which reports are verified by the personal investigation of the secretary or a member of the society's committee, of which, by-the-by, the present Marquis of Westminster is president, and a most constant and painstaking worker. Should the conduct of any one whom the society has taken under its care prove unsatisfactory, or his address be lost sight of, the police are im-

mediately communicated with; but it is satisfactory to learn that only ten per cent. of those the association has assisted have relapsed into crime.

The foregoing, then, describes, though perhaps somewhat imperfectly, the way in which sentences of penal servitude are at the present time being carried out in England. There may be, and no doubt are, imperfections of more or less gravity in the system, but the best test of its efficacy lies in results, and these incontestably prove that serious crime is diminishing in England. The directors of convict-prisons, in their last report but one to Parliament, say that, while the diminution in crime must largely be attributed to the success which has attended efforts made for many years by private people, aided by government, and assisted by the law, in establishing reformatories, industrial and ragged schools, where children may be brought up free from the evil associations and immoral training which would inevitably develop them into habitual and hardened offenders, still, the two acts of Parliament we have been discussing have had much to do with it. "Receivers and old offenders, who may be called the generals of the criminal army, and who are both adepts in, and instigators to, crime," have been deprived of some of their impunities by the almost certainty of conviction; and it is quite unknown nowadays, owing to the severity of the prison-discipline, for offenders to talk of penal servitude, as they did in the hulk-times, as "a pretty jolly life" on the whole.

In visiting the close prisons and correctional jails, we have been struck with certain inequalities existing in them, obviously unavoidable, because they exist in the prison structure itself, rather than in the prison system; but we have one word of praise to say of all. The prisons of London, with no exception, are admirably administered. They are, if possible, yet more admirably kept in order by the wardens—a body of men most intelligent, trustworthy, reliable, and courteous. And, in respect of ventilation, cell-accommodation, diet, and discipline generally, they leave nothing to be desired. Some of them, notably Wandsworth House of Correction, Holloway Jail, and Pentonville, are grand models of prison-buildings, the equals of which we very much doubt are to be found out of England, and most of them command attention for some excellence or marked adaptability to their purpose. Newgate and Millbank, if any, are least suited to present prison requirements, but it must not be forgotten that the one was built in the last century, and the other from plans suggested by Jeremy Bentham. Thank God, prison science has taken some strides since then, and men are more disposed to interest themselves in a subject which of all others should command attention—viz., the means which are taken to punish and reform our criminals. We shall hope in a future paper to say something of the work done in public-works prisons in England, of their cost to the public, and of the discipline kept up within them, touching upon the convict service generally.

CHAR. E. PASCOE.

MY STORY.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

(From Advance-Sheets.)

CHAPTER XLII.

A MYSTERY.

WHEN we reached the inn, we found that the *table d'hôte* was overcrowded, and breakfast had been set for us by ourselves in a small sitting-room.

"It is more *comme il faut* for mademoiselle," the tall, rigid-looking mistress said. Angélique smiled and thanked her, but I was disappointed; I thought it would have been very amusing to see so many French people together.

However, we should not have had much time, for Angélique was in a hurry to get to her charge, and we drove home at a much quicker rate than we had come. Madame Vagnon passed us on the way, but she was alone this time; she called out to Angélique that she had left Henriette in Caudebec.

"I should like to see Henriette again," I said, as Madame Vagnon drove into the orchard of La Maison Blanche. "She looks as if she had a story in her face."

"I do not think so" (Angélique gave one of her provoking smiles); "I think she has only a story of patience to tell, and, as she does not think she is patient, she would not talk of herself at all; she has suffered and worked hard all her life."

"And she never complains," said old Matthieu; "but perhaps"—his eyes twinkled—"if she had such rheumatism as I have, she would complain sometimes."

I ran up to Madame La Peyre's room as soon as we reached the château. She spent a great deal of her time in her bedroom, and I was eager to tell her about the market. It was wonderful to feel so fresh and bright from such a little change. I seemed to have so much to tell.

Madame La Peyre listened and smiled, and finally laughed heartily when I came to the discomfiture of Monsieur Alphonse Poireau. But she was not like herself; she was so guarded and her words seemed to be studied. She has never been quite as she used to be since Captain Brand went away.

"Are they gone?" I said, "and how did poor Mrs. Dayrell bear the parting?"

Madame La Peyre sighed.

"Henri has gone, and Barbara is better than we feared she would be, but my brother says there will be a reaction; he is with her now."

"Monsieur l'Abbé! I thought he was to go with Mr. Dayrell?"

I spoke impulsively; I was so very much surprised at this sudden change of plans. Only yesterday Madame La Peyre had said that it would be cruel to let Mr. Dayrell travel by himself.

As I looked at her I saw Madame La Peyre avoid my eyes, and a look of confusion spread over her face.

"The abbé is here, my child," she repeated, "and he is with my poor Barbara."

I do not know why this should have troubled me so much, but it did. Madame La Peyre was not changeable, and I should have thought the abbé still less so, and I had heard him say that his presence in Paris was necessary.

I did not see him till dinner-time, and then he was in a provokingly formal mood. I knew that he was thinking of something else each time that he spoke to me. Madame tried to be gay and pleasant, but her cheerfulness was forced.

Every moment strengthened in me the feeling that something was going wrong, that both the abbé and Madame La Peyre were keeping some secret from me.

All at once the abbé roused himself and turned to me.

"Mademoiselle"—whenever the abbé smiles in that bland, formal way at me, I feel rebellious, as if I were being managed—"it appears that you have much liked our market."

"Yes, monsieur. I should like to go again; or, perhaps, I would rather go and see Mademoiselle Henriette, and Marie Touchet, and that dear old Madame Chéron."

"Yes, certainly," the courteous old gentleman gave me an approving smile, which I felt to be undeserved, "it would be very kind."

"Pardon, monsieur; but I believe I only wish to see them for my own amusement. I like to be amused, and Henriette interests me, and Marie puzzles me, and Madame Chéron makes me laugh."

He looked touched, and he spoke in his old, fatherly manner.

"Yes, my child, you are right; and you want all these things to occupy your mind. This is a very sad house just now for a young girl. What do you say to a journey up the Seine to Dieppedale? Madame La Peyre's cousin lives in a charming country-house beside the river; and, if you are willing, I think the change will do you and my sister good."

I looked quickly at Madame La Peyre. It had struck me at once that it would be strange for her to leave Château-Fontaine while Mrs. Dayrell continued so ill; and I saw trouble in her face. What was all this unspoken mystery which I now saw concerned me, or why should they wish to take me from Château-Fontaine? I felt ready to say that I must know the meaning of it; and that I specially disliked mysteries; and then I checked myself in confusion. What right have I to dislike mysteries, who have so lately given up a lengthened-out deceit?

A passionate longing comes to me to throw my arms round Madame La Peyre and tell her all that has happened between me and Captain Brand. Till now, such a confession has seemed impossible; but something has changed the light in which I regarded her. Either the restraint that has grown up in our former easy intercourse has surrounded her with greater dignity, or the new light in which I see myself changes the light in which I see others; but to-day, as I sit looking at Madame La Peyre's sweet, troubled face, I begin

to think I have been presumptuous, and that, if I had relied more on her guidance and less on my own, I should have acted more wisely; so that my rebellious feelings slip away under this rising wave of tenderness, and I say, gently:

"If madame wishes me to go to Dieppedale, I should like it."

"*Merci, ma bonne amie*," tears spring into her sweet old dark eyes, and she puts out her hand to me as I sit near her at table. "Then, Père Alphonse, I will write to Cécile, and tell her to expect us the day after to-morrow."

"The day after to-morrow will be Monday, and the boat does not leave Havre for Rouen till Tuesday, my sister," the abbé says. "You had better say you will be at Dieppedale on Tuesday evening, Eugénie."

"*Bien*," says Madame La Peyre, and she rises from table.

The passages were dark at Château-Fontaine, for the oil-lamp in the middle of the hall burned dimly, and did not cast much light up the square well of the staircase and the gallery which surrounded it, and, although the days were lengthening, still, at seven o'clock, there was little daylight left. As we groped our way up the broad staircase, I put my arm round Madame La Peyre's waist, and kissed her on both cheeks.

"I am so glad," I whispered, "that I am going to get you all to myself."

We were passing Mrs. Dayrell's door.

"My poor Barbara," she said, with a sigh.

"Yes, yes, it is very selfish of me; but, madame, do not let us go away if it makes you anxious to leave her."

She went on to the *salon*, and, when we reached the door, she said:

"I shall not stay away long, and we are not going far, and Angélique is more necessary to Barbara than I am; and, besides, my dear, I will not deceive thee—I cannot explain it, my dear child, but—but it is necessary that I should take thee away from Château-Fontaine."

"Necessary! Why? O madame! will you not tell me? Is it because you fear I shall be foolish and self-willed? I do not wonder; I have wanted to tell you how sorry I am."

I had nestled my head on her shoulder; it was so much easier to tell her with both my arms round her, and my face hidden.

"Come in," she said, gently, and she closed the *salon*-door upon us; "do not distress yourself, my Gertrude; I cannot explain—I must not."

"No, no, and it does not distress me to say this; it makes me happier. Of course I should like best to know what all this means, but I want to try and show you that I am in earnest to be better, and that I will be guided by you; only, if you really prefer not to leave Mrs. Dayrell, I promise to do just what you tell me, if you will only trust me."

I felt a choking come into my voice, and I stopped, for I wanted to be calm and reasonable; but Madame La Peyre was as much agitated as I was.

"My poor, dear, tormented child; my dear little one"—she kissed me tenderly, and I felt the tears on her cheeks—"I trust thee

entirely; if it were only thy affairs, we need not go away from Château-Fontaine; but—*ah, mon Dieu!*—kiss me, my child, and let me go to Barbara, or I shall say the very thing I ought to keep silent about."

CHAPTER XLIII.

BY MOONLIGHT.

WHEN I got to my room that night I was too much excited to sleep.

I saw no more of Madame La Peyre. The abbé brought me a message that his sister had found Mrs. Dayrell restless, and would stay beside her till she fell asleep, but that I was not to sit up.

"And, indeed," the courteous old gentleman went on to say, "after such a fatiguing day, my dear child, you require extra sleep, or we shall have you lose some of your brightness."

This sounded like a dismissal, so I said, "Good-night!" and departed.

No wonder that Mrs. Dayrell was restless; the night was so wild; the wind went howling round the château, like a lioness robbed of her young one; the moon, nearly at the full, gave only a fitful light, so quickly were the lines of black cloud whirled across its pale surface. I sat down at my window and watched it—sometimes veiled in a film of gauzy black, sometimes with dark cloud-lines drawn across its disk—far more interesting than when its cold, calm outline showed undisturbed.

The trees waved wildly, the larches bent beneath the gusts as if they would touch the ground.

I heard a sharp cry, "Tuwhit! tuwhit! tuwhit!" and then a huge monster, with wide-stretched wings, swooped past the moon and circled round the angle of the house, as if it were weaving spells.

I felt in harmony with this tumult outside the house. The day had been so full of incident and variety, so totally different from all the months of quiet days that had gone before, that it seemed as if I could not shake off the excitement. One face after another passed before me, till my brain felt like a kaleidoscope of constantly-changing and broken pictures. First came Ffine and her two lovers. I wish I had seen Léon Leroux, who loves the pretty girl so much, and whom she loves better than that conceited Monsieur Poireau. A warm flush rises in my cheeks. Are all Frenchmen vain? I knew I thought Eugène was a little—just a very little; but, then, the abbé, even, is rather vain, and so was Mr. Newton; perhaps all men are vain. "No, they are not," I answer myself, quite angrily. "No, Captain Brand is not the least bit vain; he never thinks of himself at all."

With the thought of Captain Brand comes a sudden, new idea. Is it he who is coming to Château-Fontaine? and does he so shrink from me that it is considered advisable to take me away? The thought is so intensely humbling that I crouch down in my white-dimity-covered chair, and hide my eyes with my hands. I forget the clouded moon and

the whirling tree-branches; even the swooping owl, though its sharp cry still reaches my ears.

Oh, what can I do to make him see that I am sorry—that I am not really so unworthy as he thinks?

But that is the doubt. Am I not still unworthy? I may have passed through a change of feeling, but that may be only self-imaginings and morbidity. I have done nothing since I saw him to prove my repentance for all that foolish deceit.

I get up and look out of window. I so long to find something I can do, that outward movement is a relief.

How the clouds have gathered! the moon has risen so much higher that I see far off the silver sheen of the river; above is a black, rough mass of clouds, and now a broad line of black stretches across the sky, and, curving upward in the centre of the moon, sits brooding like a huge bat, half obscuring its light. Above the black, lowering cloud the sky is a mottled mass of gray and silver. How immense is all this beauty! I feel an atom as I think how many millions are perhaps gazing at the marvelous sight. I sit gazing while all this changes; the black, swooping bat-pinnions sail away, the heavy mass spreads, and lightens, and sinks below the moon, and, as it sinks, its edges whiten and then glow like burnished copper, only for a while, and a fleecy, paler cloud-wreath obscures the moon, the sky above is a clear dark blue, with stars gemming it at intervals, and below there is a quiet range of gray, which seems to say the storm has passed over us.

I knelt down and said my prayers, and when I rose up I felt calmer, but still very sleepless.

I am quite resigned to do whatever Madame La Peyre wishes, but still, for all that, I cannot help wanting to know why we are going away.

That thought about Captain Brand was only a folly, because, of course, the abbé could easily have met him in Paris.

Oh, I see it now! How dull I was not to guess instantly! The blood rushes up to my forehead, and sets my heart beating with excitement. It is Eugène who is expected to arrive at Château-Fontaine.

I walk up and down my room faster and faster. I could not think; I was confused with the torrent of contradictory feeling that swelled in my heart. All the good resolutions—all the patience and self-control I had been trying so hard for—were swept away by a sudden flood of youth and joyful gladness. I shall be young again now. Ah, yes; he is so young that he will understand me, and I shall be happy again. Why, I am happy already! All this sadness and heaviness has come because I have been living with old people; there can never be full sympathy while there is this difference in age.

My heart smites me hard in the midst of this burst of joy. Who could have shown me myself so truly without full sympathy? Am I going to prove myself worthy to Captain Brand by ingratitude to all those who have borne with me so patiently? Am I going to be what I have been so often—resolute

only in theory? No, I will not be ungrateful.

I sit thinking a long, long time. At last I hear the old clock outside strike twelve. The moon has sunk; there is no light now, and I feel a sudden chill of terror. I grope to my table, but I cannot find the matches directly; and, when I do find them, and strike a light, I am standing just in front of a tall mirror, and I start back with a cry at the sight of my own white face.

When both my candles are lighted I feel wonderfully soothed; there is a very calming influence in light—a sort of common-sense reasoning comes with it which seems to depart in the darkness.

I do not think Captain Brand would blame me for that sudden rush of joy at the prospect of seeing Eugène; but still I am not easy in this joy, and I know now why this uneasiness came with the happier feeling. I learned it while I sat waiting in the darkness.

I will be very frank with Eugène. I will tell him that I had no thought of loving him till that sad, foolish moment when he put it into my head. But he is not to blame, because he thought I was free. I do not suppose I ever should have cared so much for him if he had not written me those letters. But, if I was wrong to receive them—and I have grown to believe that I was wrong—then I shall be equally wrong if I let Eugène talk of love to me till I am free of this marriage. I cannot help caring for him and thinking of him; that may be wrong, too, but I cannot help it. And yet I feel so shy and timid at the thought of meeting him, that I am anxious to leave Château-Fontaine. Captain Brand has said, no doubt, that Eugène and I are not to meet. Well, he might have trusted me—at least I think so. I do not fancy this shrinking can be a mere imagination.

But I can go to bed now. I have made up my mind what to do, and I think I shall sleep.

This resolution is, perhaps, no self-denial to me; but still it will certainly vex Eugène when he knows it, and make him, perhaps, very angry; and it will be very painful to make him angry when he loves me so dearly, poor, dear fellow! I shall ask him to be angry only with me, and I must try to bear it. At least this is something I can do for Captain Brand, but I scarcely know how it is to be told.

I have not answered Eugène's last letter, or written to him about his mother's death. I cannot; and now there will be no chance of seeing him. I suppose, as Angélique says, I must be patient.

AN OCTOBER IN YANKEE-LAND.

IT was just at dusk of a raw October afternoon, when busy down-town was engaged in putting up the shutters preliminary to an evening with Salvini, that I boarded the New-London steamer, with recollections of many-colored autumn leaves and of tufts of gray and rustling grass flitting across the spectrum of a fancy somewhat dulled by a year's

constant contact with the prosaic and money-making city, and longing with a kind of mystic undertone for the trill of a lazy brook tumbling down between hills, and pausing here to flash over a rock in a mimic melodious cascade, and there to whirl round and round in a purring whirlpool, or for glimpses of the weird warring under moonlight of restless trees in masses—not in lonesome rows, with open intervals between, so that they cannot talk to each other if they would, as, by a dispensation of mathematics and the landscape-gardener, they occur in noisy New York. The day was when I played Paul Dombey to such a brook and Mrs. Browning, who says that—

"The divine impulsion cleaves
In dim music to the leaves,
Dropped and lifted, dropped and lifted."

To such trees talking together after a manner of their own, under real country moonlight, and when I used to lie by the hour and listen to the mystic monotone of things growing, and repeat over and over the quaint sentiment of an old English dreamer—"the verie source and, so to speake, springe-head, of alle musicke, is the verie pleasant sound that the trees make when they growe"—not because it was quaint and mystical, but because it expressed me better than I could express myself.

I was repeating the sentence over and over in the kind of undertone with which a man talks to himself, or to something running in his brain, when I went on board, and thinking how far in advance of his age this ancient dreamer really was, and how, in the sixteenth century, he had dreamed out what Professor Huxley had proved in the nineteenth—that there is an actual audible music and rhythm of trees growing, to which one may hearken in a woody forest of a summer's day, without being set down as a lunatic or a poet—dim the boundary that separates the twain.

As a romantic fancy, this dream of a life-music—every tree a poem, every blossom a ballad—is as old as the hills, which, according to Bryant, who differs from the geologists on this point, are "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun;" but, as demonstrated fact, it belongs to the era of the microscope—that revealer of the infinite in the infinitesimal. Thus closely treads sober-visaged Truth on the hills of the dreamy and adventurous beautiful, in a manner justifying the aphorism that progress ends in paradise. This conclusion broke upon me, like a star bursting in my brain, just as the steamer slipped past Blackwell's Island.

I smoked and speculated in this way until the hum of the city died out, and the metrical tugging of the restless engines and the nervous tremor of the bulk were all that separated sound from silence.

Landing at sleepy New London in the morning, a journey of three hours inland along the valley of the Thames and Williamantic Rivers set me down in one of those cozy little villages that nestle so lovingly among the hills of Northern Connecticut as to seem somehow to have sprung up of themselves, and not, like busier places, to have been erected house by house.

A little pagoda—roomy enough for its purpose, though but little larger than a passenger-car—received me from the train just as the hands on the silver-gray dial of the town-clock, like a round, stationary moon hanging low over the little village, were at the acute angle represented by eleven. I stood and stared at the old dial for a moment, thinking, dreamily, how the hands would, in exactly an hour, shut together like a pair of scissors on the twelve, and cut off half a day, and let it drop silently into the waste-basket of the past; how, at midnight, with everybody asleep in the little village, they would shut together again, shearing life of a day, and letting that drop into the same receptacle. "Man is a weaver," I said to myself; "a weaver who sits at his loom weaving his web of life, now with a white stripe crowded with threads of hope and struggle, now with a dark stripe full of flitting shadows and fantastic nightmares; and some time, perhaps in the very middle of a stripe, the hands on the dial shut together like a pair of shears, and the web is taken from the loom and folded up and packed away. And what a number of such webs, some full of beautiful designs, some hideous with evil shapes, must be represented by the gravestones in the village graveyard!"

Not long lasted this moralizing mood: it is the beauty of moralizing moods that they be brief and strictly private. I withdrew my eyes from the impassive dial of the town-clock—which was partly responsible for the homily into which I had fallen—and trudged along the dusty road, valise in hand, until the village dropped slowly behind the hill—all except the clock that just peeped over the summit, and, with the white, tapering pencil of the steeple above it, dimly suggested the tallest monument in the country-graveyard I had just been talking about. Then, as I descended into the valley, with its river winding lazily along, as if in no hurry to get to the sea, the old dial set behind me like a moon, and the white, tapering pencil grew shorter and shorter, and the last traces of my moralizing mood and the dim suggestion of a graveyard departed together. I must say I was very glad when they went, having walked twenty rods or more with my head turned half-way round in order to see the last of them.

What with stoppages to rest and sundry attempts to manufacture impossible stanzas to autumn leaves, I was six hours in walking six miles, and it was just at the indefinite boundary of twilight, when dusk has so deepened into dark that it is neither the one nor the other, that a grim old house—grayer and grimmer because of the hill behind it—loomed suddenly into the road as I merged from the moody mazes of half a league of woods.

Half expecting that the door would return no sound to the tap of my walking-stick, or possibly would open without visible agency, as doors will sometimes in stories, I knocked.

This old house—next to that once occupied by General Putnam, the most venerated and venerable in Connecticut—was my home for two months, devoted mostly to the collec-

tion of folk-lore legends, interwoven with curious notes on life and manners in the by-districts of New England. Erected some years previous to the Revolution, it was once known in the country round about as Sam Ellithorpe's Inn; and the queer, urn-shaped sign-board, painted with a bowl overflowing with a certain absorbable liquid, and under it the legend, "Samuel Ellithorpe's Inn—1764," still constitutes an item of the rubbish stored away in the garret, whose floor was laid eleven years before the little scrimmage at Lexington.

The old house stands in the centre of a by-district, whence the traveler may gather and carry off his sheaf of legends illustrative of New-England life ere clatter of loom and dip of water-wheel had disturbed its even pulses, and where he can fill his note-book with quaint folk-phrases and curious philological specimens, elsewhere obsolete, but here fossils in a social formation ecene to observers whose studies have been limited to densely-peopled tracts.

Of the latter, Mr. Lowell, in his "Biglow Papers," has pressed and preserved a suggestive cabinet—his introduction to that volume being the only valuable paper on that subject that has yet been produced—and how cursory and incomplete that is the reader can judge from the fact that the author confesses himself unable to find a derivation for the word *emptins* (corrupted from emptyings, the waste product of the distillery, so termed, having been formerly employed as yeast). The emptins-cart, with its barrel set on end and filled with foamy fluid, sold at three cents a pint, still ranges this primitive district in regular weekly trips. Here also travels the itinerant tinker, whose mending of pans and pails has entered into the vocabulary to the extent of several very expressive words. To tinker-fuddle is to potter about trifles. Tunk—a light, sharp tap with the hammer—comes probably from the same root. To tinker about the house is to busy one's self with nothings that must be done.

In like manner as Mr. Lowell, Webster blunders when he refers *meeching*—or *meech-in*, as it is generally pronounced, with a sharp accent on the first syllable, and the last slurred—to the root *meek*, to which it is not even remotely related. The word occurs occasionally in the old English poets, always in the sense of sneaking, and seems to be a corruption of the *méchant* (slyly wicked) imported into England by the Normans.

A tramp is styled a shack—a word which dates from the twilight of civilization, when the village community was the unit of political organization. The mark or track owned by the community was divided into arable lands and shack-lands—the latter devoted to pastoral purposes. Squatters on these shack-lands were termed shacks. The same root appears in shag-bark (the rough outer coat of the hickory-nut); in shaggy, and, very likely, in the Latin *vagare*, whence come vague, vagary, vacant, and vagabond. To shack about the country—a phrase common in New England—has no exact equivalent except in the German *herumvagabondiren*. Spot, as the name of a dog, is generally supposed to have some connection with the adjective

spotted, but, like shack and meeching, is, in reality, a survival from the ancient, the root of which appears in the German *Spas*. As a proper name, or an epithet, Spot is synonymous with frisky.

This principle of the survival of words in isolated communities, long after they have become obsolete elsewhere, furnishes the clew to most provincialisms. When a Southerner expresses his disgust with a "Dog on it!" he little dreams that the phrase is not a native of this country, and only a distorted form of the Scottish *dagone*, that signifies exactly the same thing. So, axe for ask; het, for heated; lit, for lighted; tew, for ado; lurry, for incoherent babble; hisen and hern and youm; bye, for resting-place after a journey; and yank, for jerk; with many more supposed coinages, are all relics of English as it was when one bleak day in 1620 the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. That 'ar and this 'ere date from a period when that and this, not having the definite sense of place they have since acquired, were reinforced by there and here. Nor are they so absurd as they seem at first glance. On the other hand, *voilà* and *voici*, as you hear them in Paris, are their exact structural equivalents. Again, bunt represents the old nasal form of built, the place of which it occupies in the vocabulary incident to these out-districts.

The word *yawp*—another instance of survival—is only employed in the single, imperative phrase, "Hold your yawp!" I find another case of survival in the use of the word *tree* in various combinations—as axle-tree, roof-tree, and mantletree. Another still, in *take*, employed as an auxiliary verb—as take and thresh, take and eat. And yet another, in the use of *up* as an intensive, equivalent to very, or thorough—as clean up, wash up, eat up, drink up, fail up (applied to commercial suspensions), put up, curl up, crump up. The last two occur only in the participial form, and are nearly synonymous. To say a person is kind o' curled up, or kind o' crumped up, indicates a trifling indisposition. On the other hand, all crumped up, or all curled up, is synonymous with dangerously ill.

Before adverting to certain structural peculiarities, I must notice another curious case of survival, in the extent to which the verb *put* enters into the New-England vocabulary. First comes the imperative. What, for example, can be shorter, sharper, and more laconic, than "put!" as a syllable of dismissal? "Get you gone!" is sonorous, but it lacks in brevity. "Begone!" reduces the mandate to two syllables, but is too sonorous for vehemence. After the imperative come the several idioms of which the verb constitutes a part—as put through, put in, put up with, put up, put down, put away: meaning, respectively, to carry out a project to the end, to give one's energies to the business in hand, to forbear with, to store away, to force to the wall, and to lay aside for future consideration. The second phrase is employed as a species of auxiliary—as put in and eat, put in and work. To stay put deserves notice as the only case in which this verb is used to modify or intensify another. Equivalents for all these idioms occur in the German, and

prove them to be survivals, not coinages. Again, is not the verb *stump* (I stump him to fight, I stump him to wrestle, and so on) corrupted from *estomper*, introduced into England by the Normans? The adjective *stump*, as applied to an off-hand and somewhat reckless type of oratory, is referable to the same source, and so is the noun *stump*—that is to say, the blunt and projecting body left after amputation. Short *a* for long *a*, in stranger, danger, manger, ranger, is also a relic of Norman pronunciation. So is the same sound in place of what the lexicographers style obscure *e*—as larn for learn. Whether tike for scamp, and coot for vagabond, belong to the category of survivals, is a question I must leave to professional philologists. Clever, in the sense of obliging, and ugly, in that of bad-tempered, are certainly distortions. Caty-cornered, for diagonal, and kittering, its synonym, are not limited to New England, and therefore need not be discussed. To give a person a *dab* now and then, is pretty nearly synonymous with what the English term *nugging*. To *blip* a man, means to knock him down. To *perk up* and to *pink out* are both verbs, expressive of that personal rejuvenation in which widows are prone to indulge as preliminaries to becoming once more fishers of men. Dickering has been made the topic of a pleasant essay by Ik Marvel, and John Hay may find the origin of his *hell-e-ty-split* in the New-England vernacular, where, as an adverb of rapidity, it alternates with hell-bent. Mux and muggle—signifying to mix thoroughly—a fine alliterative coinage, which will recommend itself to writers of picturesque modern ballads—is generally employed in the passive form. "He's all muxed and muggled up," quoth a passing acquaintance in the romantic little village, nestled among the hills, as I stood analyzing certain geometrical figures described with exceeding regard to complexity by an elderly person who had just emerged from the neighboring bar-room, and was busily engaged in doing his best to illustrate the definition of mux and muggle.

I paused only to suggest, by way of perfecting the alliteration, that lummux should be substituted for the personal pronoun, the same being a term of contempt extremely available as a nominative for mux and muggle.

The young gentleman assented with a nod, and the sentence stands as follows: "The aged lummux is all muxed and muggled up."

No further emendations conducive to poetic beauty occurred to me at the moment. It was possible, to be sure, to designate the aged geometrician as a logy lummux, or a lunk-head, or a lumber-heels, or a numskull; but, as none of these alterations appeared to improve the alliterative roll of the sentence, it was tacitly agreed to leave the subject in its original condition.

One idiom more remains to be noticed. It is one that bears closely upon the structural peculiarities of what may be styled the dialect of the by-ways, and consists of an idiomatic application of the neuter pronoun *it*. Thus, to walk is to foot it; to run, to leg it; to burn coal, to coal it; to carry on a

farm, to farm it; to make hay, to hay it. The extent to which this peculiar twist of linguistic structure is carried in the daily walk and conversation of the average New-Englander, could only be indicated by manufacturing a glossary. *Mais ce suffit.*

Now for the structural peculiarities of the Yankee *patois*. These are so intimately related to the physiological structure and inner life of the man as measurably to involve the consideration of both in the attempt to elucidate them. Those whose conceptions of the New-Englander have been gathered from the traditional stage Yankee, with his passion for whittling, his "I swow," and "I swan," and "goll darn it," and his habitual excess of inquisitiveness, know nothing of him in his principal traits. It is a wonder that philologists have never ventured upon the large generalization of open and closed natures by way of accounting for certain phenomena. Why the Romans closed the terminations of their nouns, and the Greeks opened them, is only to be explained by the closed *um* nature of the one, and the open, artistic nature of the other. The New-Englander, with his preference for closed sounds, presents a curious example of the closed nature. He declines to open his mouth. Hence comes his rejection of the *g* final in the participle—go in' for going; hence his tendency to stress a single syllable in words of many syllables, and to slur the rest—a fact which assimilates the New-England accent to the Italian, and which Worcester has noticed without explaining; hence, finally, his disposition to condense words and phrases, as "jelluck," for "just like," and "fur's I know," in place of "for what I know." "It's all right fur's I know," is a form of expression I have never heard except from the lips of a Yankee. The same principle accounts for his love of enclitics and proclitics, as "I'd'know," with the accent on the pronoun, for "I don't know."

Of course this explanation is diametrically opposed to the popular notion that the New-Englander is the talkative person he is represented on the stage and in fiction of the Sam-Slick order. On the other hand, he is silent, reticent, and speculative. He asks questions, but never communicates. Lacking in vital energy, his inner life is as colorless as engraving; his humor dry, spectral, intellectual, non-unctuous; and the great value of Hawthorne in literature lies in the yet unnoticed fact that he was, physiologically and psychologically, a typical New-Englander; the artistic aspects of his fiction, and its colorless perspective, its spectral humor and speculative analysis of spiritual problems, being thoroughly representative of the race to which he belonged. He was not, as is often supposed, a morbid and exceptional organization. On the contrary, he was a typical Yankee, with the capacity to express himself. This closed and quiet nature—given to dreaming—is supplemented by facts of physiological structure. The typical New-Englander is physically slender and spare, with a small neck and a small throat, with which it is incongruous to associate the round, rolling, orotund voice. Hence, the enunciation of open sounds is accompanied with more or less physical effort, and the

closed sounds come natural to him. Hence, also, his dislike of long and sonorous sentences, which, like those of a German orator, begin by accident and end by a dispensation of providence, and his sharp brevity and precision of style; for illustration of which compare our magazine-writing with the English.

But I must not enlarge further on these hasty and imperfect memoranda of my October in Yankee-land. I should like to give some weird examples of the mental mosses of legend and folk-lore I found clustered about the old Ellithorpe house. Intertangled with strange fancies, and woven with many a goblin superstition, mildewed with age, Hawthorne has thrown some of them into artistic form in his "Mosses from an Old Manse," and his more peculiar tales. Others are left to be worked by another Hawthorne, or treated in a future paper.

FRANCIS GERRY FAIRFIELD.

AN OCTOBER DAY.

THE emergent sun looks forth on sparkling grass,

Filmed with the frost's frail gossamers of snow;

And now long, resonant breezes wake and blow

The empurpled mists from meadow and morass.

The withering aster shivers; dry leaves pass;
Red sumachs burn; the deep-gold birches glow;

And, on the elastic air, in many a mass,
Rolling through pale-blue heaven, the great clouds go!

In the afternoon, all windy sounds are still:
From wooded ways the cricket's chir takes flight;

And the dreamy autumn hours lapse on, until—
Look! the sweet evening-star, that, night by night,

Drops luminous, like an ever-falling tear—
Down dying twilights of the dying year!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

ZIGZAGS IN THE HUDSON HIGHLANDS.

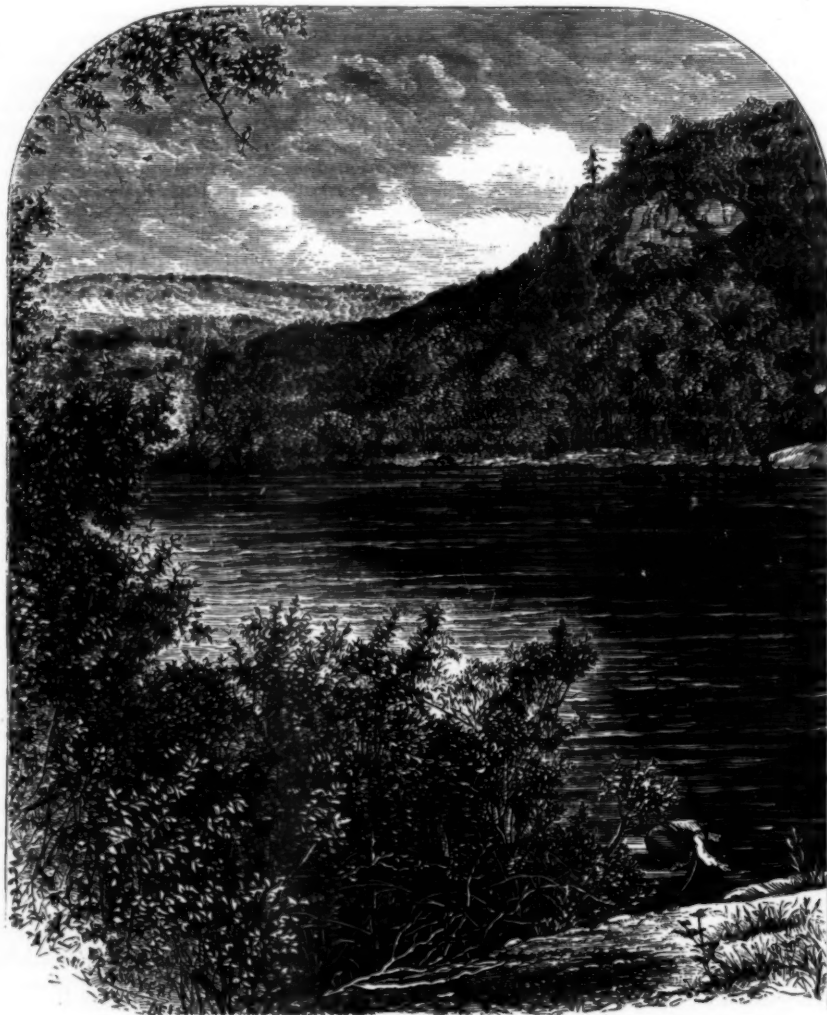
I.

THE most charming section of the Hudson Highlands is neither extensive nor pronounced enough for the tourist proper—the man who means system and business in his tour—but is rather a near yet remote little kingdom of picturesque wildness for a loitering Bohemian, pedestrian, or equestrian, without aims or plans save those delicious and elastic ones of idle exercise, seclusion, lovely disorder of scenery, Gypsy living, and free wanderings with gun, rod, or pencil. It is the portion having the eighteen or twenty miles of river-front between Land's End, the foot of Storm King, and Stony Point, the

battle-stage of Mad Anthony Wayne's desperate fight, and stretching back for ten miles of mountain confusion to the beautiful sequestered valley of the Ramapo and its extension northeast beneath the front of Skun-nemunk's line, through both of which the Erie Railroad, by main and branch, has tracked a way; and there is a southwestern continuation of the charming wildness, beginning five miles back of Stony Point, and running, with a breadth of about seven miles,

est of Dean," "Dunderberg," "Bear Lake," "Polopens Swamp," "Natural Bridge," "Wild-Cat Hollow," etc., see the names of iron mines and furnaces, and find thirty ponds or lakes. Its fastnesses, cliffs, and valleys, the black strips of charcoal-burners, the lonely huts of basket-makers, one can know only by rambling in person. In our country we have, in many States, scenery grander, more extensive, views astonishing and awe-filling, but nowhere such a charm-

hundred feet above, is the one good road of this piece of country. It runs on almost a terrace-way from West Point to Queensborough Brook, or Fort-Montgomery Creek, six miles, a government-built road, perfectly easy and secure for any vehicle. The same road runs back from the Point two and a half miles, and returns to the river at Butter-milk Falls, having wound through what is called Eagle Valley. South of Fort-Montgomery Creek the road continues following



ROUND POND.

to the town of Ramapo and the lower end of Greenwood Lake. So our pretty kingdom of zigzags has a surface of nearly one hundred square miles in the counties of Orange and Rockland, occupying almost all of Cornwall and Monroe townships, and parts of Warwick and Haverstraw. Only a township map of New-York State gives the indications of how it is ruggedly packed with mountains, threaded by streams, and dotted with ponds. With such chart of its geography in detail, one may read "Black-Rock Mountain," "For-

ing variety of *romantic* landscape. Not Alpine, nor in the manner of our great Western Sierras; not Dantean; not Doréan; yet wonderfully diversified, often rough, abrupt, grand, artistic surprises, exhilarating extents, limited inclosures to satisfy and repose, while everywhere there are suggestions of discovery beyond what is possessed, and a character of wildly inviting loneliness and quiet; nothing merely sweet and simple; nothing to fatigue or appall.

Along and near the river-line, but often a

close to the river until Stony Point is reached; but below the creek, though we find a hard, well-graded road-bed, there are so many abrupt changes from elevated skirtings of the mountain-spurs to, as is often necessary, the very beach of the river, and then up again, so many sharp turns, and frequently such precipitous cliffs on one side and the other, that except in a light, strong wagon, with sure-footed, honest-mouthed horses, and with a skillful driver, it is a ride to make nervous people uncomfortable. On the for-

mer part of the road, and in the short rambles in the immediate neighborhood of West Point, Cozzens's and Buttermilk Falls are all that summer visitors see of this glorious section of the Hudson Highlands. The riverlandings, with the exception of West Point, are simply *landings*. Their life, circulation, and respiration, are from the river. Through the barriers of height and roughness behind them, there are neither entrances nor exits for produce or travel. In or alongside of a wood-wagon one might walk his horse across from West Point to Turner's in the course of a day, and thus difficult is the travel by land everywhere in this section when one attempts, except on foot or horseback, to traverse the mountainous disorder of Nature as piled together. It was not until the spring of '73 that the brook at Fort Montgomery was bridged, and the road south made passable for ordinary vehicles. To travel farther down the river by land, and on wheels, it was necessary to make a long and rough *détour* of a dozen just passable miles up the brook and down the other side, skirting the Forest of Dean. What riches of scenery this new road makes accessible! Seen from a river-boat, or from the cars of the Hudson-River Railroad, the line of road seems a mere thread of way on the sinuous declivities of the bold mountains falling off abruptly to the river, and it seems, too, the most romantic path that could be sketched on the grand and rugged foreground, every piece of which is an impressive bit of highly-picturesque effect—steep, iron-veined rocks, dipping precipitously to the river, slopes shadowed, fissured, plumed with stunted cedars, valleys stretching from mere black clefts away up and back in the hills, and broadening to wide water-bases, down to which creeps the narrow terrace that skirted high the craggy spurs thrust sheer into the river, gradual curves and abrupt angles under frowning rocks, over high walls, along the river-level, defying peaks and inviting hollows, glimpses up wild gorges and down dark chasms, threads of leaping streams, hommocks of pine or hemlock.

There is a legend, if it be no older than my fancy, that a rare Dutch artist, who came to this river with Hendrik Hudson, his first navigator, gained permission from his commander to land when the ships entered these Highlands. He would make some sketches of this loveliest portion of his captain's discovery. The ships drifted on idly with the flood-tide, while Herr van Stroepritz, unconscious of all but the magical wealth of loveliness before him, lingered in these solitudes until the shadows of evening blurred his tablets. Then rubbing his eyes, and turning to glance at the dark fastnesses about and above, he saw—he saw—what he saw no mortal knows positively—probably weird forms more ancient and less clothed than those with whom Rip Van Winkle made acquaintance centuries later. Nature reigned supreme. Art was a sacrilegious thief. Punishment was prompt. At any rate, darkness fell on land and water, and no hall from Dunderberg reached the Dutch ship's deck, where the short, square-built sailors in enormous breeches waited, ready for the artist's

call and their boatswain's order, to pull shoreward again. The only sound, save the lap of the water and the hooting of night-birds, that came to their ears, was the hoarse, pitiful, oft-repeated ba-a-ba-a of what they judged was some wounded wild-goat. Poor enthusiastic Herr van Stroepritz never returned to the good Dutch ship nor to his well-loved Holland. He was known no more to man—at least to Dutch man. But the next morning and day, and until Hendrik Hudson's ship sailed out into what is now called Newburg Bay, a goat was seen climbing along the towering rock-cliffs, and skirting the cavernous clefts of the shore, keeping opposite the vessel, and bleating sorrowfully all the while. Later voyagers, if I am not mistaken, saw the same strange sight in these Western Highlands. The track of the transformed Van Stroepritz, of the lamenting goat, holding his way as near the ship as possible all the while, and finding a path on the borders of the sheer crags, following faithfully the boldest lines of the rugged, varying shore—that track was afterward hit on by an engineer, both practical and artistic, as the road now traveled.

I crossed once in a small boat from Peekskill to the shore a little south of the Dunderberg point. There were three of us: one, Photog, who often accompanies me with his apparatus on such zigzags; the second, a Boston friend, who for health was making sundry trips afoot. Two young fellows, brothers, pulled the oars.

"You make a sweet stroke," said the Boston man to the elder rower, when we were half-way across the river.

"Think so?" was the cool response.

"Yes. Have you done any thing in a racing way?"

"A little. Took the first prize for single sculls at the Boston regatta last Fourth."

"The de—velopment!" exclaimed old Harvard, struck on a very tender chord. "What is y'r name?"

"Ten Eyck," answered the hero.

Going north from our landing-place, we climbed a little rise in the road, and found a pretty piece of shore-view before us. While Photog arranged his instruments, a neat-looking woman came on the beach ahead, and, shading her head with an apron, called to a boatman out in the river, and hidden from our sight by a clump of rock and bushes.

"Sam! Saa-a-m! Didn't you hear the bell? Dinner has been ready half an hour. Do come. The victuals are nearly cold."

Nothing very unkind or unwifely in that, was there? We wished the summons was to us, whose lunch was yet unpacked. However, the gentle boatman thought not as we did. The air was very quiet. Neither boatman nor wife had noticed us. The cry came back:

"Shut up your — mouth, Jane! — it! can't you let a man fish without bawling at him? I heerd your — old bell! Let dinner stay ready—I ain't. When I want my grub, I'll come for it. If you yell at me again, — my eyes if I don't come ashore and—!"

If we heard the close of this manly fisherman's philippic, it was not sweet enough to

repeat; but I think the force of his threat was lost in a cough. I heartily hoped that the brute had swallowed his chew of tobacco.

He beared the pleasant view, and we postponed its reception in our camera until the river-god had come ashore and darkened his *home*, and we had eaten our lunch.

On the steep elevation of the Dunderberg, where the road scrambles around its profile, and turns sharply to the west, to descend and swing behind Ionia Island, we looked down through embrasures of the rocks, and saw two sloops tacking in so close beneath, that Boston tried to shy a pebble aboard, and only missed because it struck the canvas and bounced away. The voices of the boatmen came up as from a well. West of Ionia, the encircling branch of river was only a colossal canal separating the graceful, hilly clump of the island, and a great spread of golden-colored meadow (it was autumn), sometimes tufted with a tall, red sumac or the dark-green spire of a cedar, from the main-land, where our path was on one side lined by the sweepings of the tide, on the other by a densely-folliaged ascent to the mountain-ridge a mile back, its irregular climbings flecked with the variegated tints of the season. It was an effective contrast—the slope of wild wood-coverts to the left, the sedge level of dike-pictures to the right. Here were studies for the brush, and not the camera, so we halted not, except to point out now and then, one to the others, something too charming to be passed unutilized.

"Photog," said I, "how little can your art do with landscape! As you love outdoor work, I should think you must ever be disappointed to see so much and get so little."

"I don't know," he answered. "With the stereoscope we have every thing but color, No painter can give substance and distance as the stereoscope does. What would the explorer and scientific man do without my art, which tells the truth, and never colors what it tells?"

"Tells the truth?" put in Boston. "Oh, not as my school-master used to require it—the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. You mean it does not lie. Of facts, it is the dullest prose."

"Well," said Photog, "painting is of facts the most deceitful poetry."

"Neither," I added, anxious to hasten on and reach Fort-Montgomery Landing in time to cross the river for the last train home—"neither can possess itself of what our own personal cameras print on brain and heart—the plates that keep not only material line-shades, but the evanescent hues, the quality of the atmosphere—the—the—

"... unnumbered sounds,
The songs of birds, the whispering of leaves,
The voice of waters,
... and thousand others more,
That distance of recognizance bereaves."

"Good, old mustache!—is it original?"

"Original? O Boston! you whose college theme was once 'John Keats and his Poetry,' to try such satire!"

When half the afternoon was gone, we came to old Fort Clinton, the southern jaw

of Fort-Montgomery Brook, the old fort the stream is named after standing on the northern extremity. An eighth of a mile directly back of the fort is Bear (now Highland) Lake. It lies in cool, deep hiding, close under the lofty, perpendicular wall of Bear Hill. It is a calm mirror of shadows in the hollow of a forest plateau three hundred feet above the river. The inviting resting-place and a favorable light tempted us to photograph the lake, and we were rewarded with a good picture. Close by this lovely piece of water, one hundred and thirty years ago, in a rough log-cabin, Moll Pitcher, of Revolutionary fame, was born. The fire of patriotism took flame in her stalwart breast—she is described as a woman of great size—as in those of less physical capacity. Her young and—let us hope for the mere sake of appearances—gigantic husband went off as artilleryman to the war. When the rocky cliffs near her own quiet home were fortified, and the roll of drums and guns stirred her heart, she could linger no longer at household chores, but started off to join her soldier-lord. She followed him from field to field, helping him and others as they worked the guns. At Monmouth, so history says, her husband's head was taken off as he held the rod ready to drive down a charge. As the head rolled away, or separated in splinters, and the body fell to the ground, soldier-Pitcher's dear Moll—"not loving Caesar less" (that may have been his name), "but Rome more"—seized the gun-stick from his stiffening grasp and forced home the cartridge before dropping a tear or caring for the corpse. After her husband's death, she returned for a time to the home by Bear Lake, perhaps to act as administratrix of her departed's estate; but ever after, while the war lasted, disgusted with the peaceful pursuits of bread-making and cow-milking, she served as an un-common soldier in old Fort Clinton.

There is an ice-house here that the trees try to hide, and from it is an inclined shoot crossing the woods, following an outlet of the lake, and falling down the rocks to a river-dock. These hardly disturb the wildness of the spot. But its sweetest charms begin to fade, for a well-laid road winds between the lake and river, and a brand-new sign-board, with a painted hand pointing to a turn-off, reads: "Boats to let!—horse-poles this way!"

We arrived at the combined post-office, lodging-house, bar-and-restaurant of Montgomery as the daylight went out. After several cups of thin green tea, slices from a mighty chunk of tough boiled beef, and sundry hot biscuits, our landlord, the post-master, also ferryman, put us across the narrow piece of black river. Short as is the ferry here, where the great nostrils of Anthony's Nose are sunk far out in the stream, the boatman who makes his trip at this hour of many evening boats and barges, must smartly use his eyes and ears. We made the passage safely, and reached home tired but happy at nine o'clock. Another day's chapter of our zigzags, still on the margin of the Highlands—what the dress-circle sees of them—before seeking their inmost retirements and choicest charms, took up the

tramp north from Fort Montgomery. Before noon we boxed three good impressions of scenery in the ravine of the brook, which is a great chasm, its sides knotty with bowlders and speared with hemlocks and pines, rent tortuously for a mile east and west, descending sharply, and opening boldly to the Hudson. From beside the water-way, in the bottom of the fissure, we took one view up the brook with the fall dashing under the bridge, and one view down, showing the swirling rapids of the stream, the craggy sides on which stood the old forts at its mouth, the aquiline ridge of Anthony's Nose opposite, and in the left foreground the most deserted, rickety, and moss-grown of all old mills, seemingly asleep in decrepitude beside the scene of its once vigorous youth. Climbing up from the ravine to the high-road overhanging it, we were placing our tools to catch a picture out of the depths below, when a wondering teamster, of Schleswig-Holstein guise, driving an empty wood-wagon, came upon us suddenly around a sharp angle of the descending road. He pulled up his mules with a heavy jerk. Seeming to take in the surprise more through his open mouth than his small gray eyes, he after a while ejaculated:

"I tinks you makes survey, eh?"

Photog, turning his instrument a bit, answered:

"Yes, we are surveying."

"Um!—vare is yourn shains?"

"Chains?" replied Photog, in allegory; "oh, we have dropped them."

"Trypt dem! Der tivel! Vare you trypt dem?"

"Left them at home, my friend; can measure just as well with our eyes."

A Faustian grin slowly distorted his guileless countenance, and a trickle of tobacco-juice escaped from a corner of his mouth:

"Hells! I ton't vants von oft you's maps!"

"Think not, eh?"—saying which, Photog took out of his box a plate of our morning's work. "See that!"

"Dunder and blixen! I shee you fools me—makes piddures zum!" After which and our laughter, he got down from the wagon and examined our proceedings, especially the photographer's, with much respect. But he grew nervous—something was evidently disturbing his mind. Suddenly he turned to Photog, and said, in a low and more courteous voice:

"Look tear, shentleman, vill yous make piddure oft me? I likes 'im for mine vrow an' der cheelren, um?"

Photog smiled, and asked of us, "Shall I?"

"Yes," we said; "do."

"Yes, mynheer, I will do the very thing you want, if you'll climb back on your wagon and stay there just as if you were jogging along for a load of wood, and nothing saw you but the sun."

Dutch'm. "I duundersdanda vot you means. I do so drighs away." And he climbed up, a stolid delight dimly illuminating his face.

Our much-amused friend, having arranged his camera, and seen that the Dutchman was steady, called "Now!" and pulled off the

cover. With the word and movement, the dull smile changed, as at a blow, to a stare of stolid, stricken fixedness.

"That'll do," said Photog; and the Dutchman slowly dropped his heroic expression, as if he were backing out from a company of ghosts.

He climbed down from the wagon, and silently watched Photog's proceedings. Great and comical was his amazement when Photog dove into the black tent with the plate. When it was withdrawn, he put out his hand to take it.

"How much you charge?"

Photog put it into the box.

"Vell, gives it to me!"

Photog. "Give it to you, mynheer? Ha, ha! I sha'n't charge you any thing for it; but, if you took it now, it would fade away in ten minutes."

Dutch'm. "Vades away! vades away! Vat you means?"

Our friend explained it to him as well as he might: told him how he should print it on a card when he reached home, and send it to him.

"Tanks! tanks! a tdowaant tanks!" exclaimed the reassured Dutchman. "You ish a goot and vise shentleman; but dhow you nose vare I lives?"

Photog. "Why, you can tell me, can't you?"

Dutch'm. "Oh, yaw: vell, I lives next Shacop Kleef, ven you goes in ze Forest oft Dean on ze prook."

Photog. "All right, mynheer; but I can't write that on my letter. Tell me your name and post-office."

He thought, profoundly puzzled, for a moment, and then, brightening, said, I writing it down:

"Yaw: Carl Schimmelholz, Oudson Mine, Monroe."

So it was for the Hudson Iron Company that our Dutch friend did his teaming; and there is no doubt, in the little village store, of winter's evenings, he showed his picture, and told his story in fumes of smoke and lager.

We took up our tramp again, trudging on to West Point, at the hour when all fashionable drivers from Cozzens's and the Point were on the move. We were taken for surveyors, peddlers, tramps, and all things, except donkeys, that carry packs. That stretch of road is too well known, and meddlers were too numerous, for us to stop for pictures there, save in one off-the-track bit of wood-shelter, where we stretched ourselves to rest and smoke, and, for sake of not wasting time, took a sweep of river south, with the Buttermilk Falls, and another profile of Dutch Anthony's Nose.

Close under the estrier shadow of bold Skunnemunk, and one side from the little village of Woodberry, is a *primeval inn*—whence it came or how it retained its innocence in America, even in the retirement protecting it, I cannot discover—"Widow Lefferts's," as known to many honest fishermen of the days before its many-paned windows caught sight of the Erie Short-cut Railroad.

One cannot feel sure of filling his basket with trout now from the neighboring brook,

yet he is certain of a cozy, old-fashioned resting-place, a sweet bed, and an excellent table. It is a point in winter for long sleigh-rides from Cornwall, and even Newburg, of crisp, bright nights. In the autumn, one fond of a native "good time" may sleep there of a moonlight night, and, taking the hours after supper and until one in the morning, enjoy, with old Pete Dearing and his curs, a coon-hunt, with the chance of raising a wild-cat.

With a friend I lay there very comfortably through an October night, after, be it understood, a real, square, country supper and smoky chat before the open wood-fire of the sanded bar-room, where many horse-portraits adorned the walls; where a tall, ancient clock ticked cozily; where "the cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever," came "to one in drowsiness half lost," and the dreamful snores of several stretched-out dogs sounded pleasantly, while stuttering Pete recounted their individual deeds of prowess with fox or catamount. Early next day, as the sun brightened the brow of Skunnemunk, we, with our guns and pointer, started on foot due east. First we climbed to Sutherland's Falls and the mineral spring in the damp, rocky mountain-gorge shaded by pines, thence by wood-paths and cow-tracks over hills and through swamps, but all the while ascending, for five miles and more, until the ridge of that spur of highlands was reached. Surmounting it, we came on a table-plain of hill-tops, rolling in even waves east and west. Soon we struck a road which, in a few moments, brought us suddenly to the side of a gem—Round Pond, perfectly round, very deep, and with bold, wild banks. Here was the deserted shaft of an iron-mine, and here a dark, shelving mass of rock, that hung over the deepest waters of the pond. Its temptations to a plunge were irresistible, notwithstanding the coolness of a September day. In three minutes our clothes were lying on the rock. Souse! splash! and we were under water. Popping up, shaking the water-crystals from heads and hair, we took a short, laughing swim, and struck on our tramp again refreshed and glorified. After mid-day and the deliciousness of Round Pond, our way was down, down, all the way to West Point—prospects wild and charming ever beside and before us—a walk of four and a half miles, three of them on the smooth government road. Dirty—oh, how dirty! We struck through the soldierly neatness and beauty of West Point; a slouching dog at our heels, guns under our arms, we trudged along vigorously through Professors' Row to cross the plain, when, from the gate-way in a lilac-hedge, came the sweet but startling salutation, "Why, Mr. —, how do you do? How came you here? Do come in and have dinner with us; you look so tired and hungry, and the captain will be delighted to see you!" We were very hungry—as hungry as we were soiled and muddy; but no excuses on the last score lost us the excellent dinner, the social hour, the fragrant Havanas, and the bottle of perfect claret. What a day of wholesome delight gently brought to close by crossing the cool river to Garrison's, and the car-ride out from under Breakneck and along the starlit Newburg Bay! Reader, if you are inclined to

ask how many woodcock we bagged, I must politely suggest that such a question necessitates a calculation too prosaic to harmonize with the tone of that day's happiness.

THE BOWERY GALLERY.

A TRUTHFUL stroke of the artist who painted the "Pursuit of Pleasure," included gaunt and ragged beggars in the insane, heated, impassioned company, madly following the mellow siren into the luridness of ruin and remorse. For we may seek in vain for a class so poor, insensate, or ignorant, as not to be eager for guilt, even though it be but the thousandth part of an inch in thickness; light, though it be but the pitiful spark of a penny coil of magnesium, and rhythmic sound, though it be but a savage chant, though the simplest element of beauty in its imperfect execution. The strange company that gathered with the writer at the entrance to the gallery of the Bowery Theatre on a cold evening of last fall, wore many faces pinched with want and pain, set on bodies poorly clothed, and shivering in the November frostiness. Some were familiar to us: urchins to be found after midnight dozing over the hot gratings of newspaper press-rooms, who torment our lives with their shrill energy in trading the afternoon journals, and in operating on our shoe-leather. One thin visage I recognized as that of a mischievous beggar, who had often met me near Trinity Church, and generally offered to escort me all the way to South Ferry, if I would there give him my cigar-stump—a kindness and an honor invariably declined. Others were grown men—chapfallen, seedy, bleary fellows of the Italian house-lodger order; but the majority were impish boys, aged from eight to eighteen, many without shoes or hats, or covering to their flat, undeveloped breasts. Nearly all were cold, unclean, and hungry. The twenty coppers the raggedest jingled in their hands had been better expended on a loaf of bread, or a cot in some night lodging-house. Yet they stood there—almost a hundred of them—destitute, poverty-stricken, and ravenous, waiting impatiently in the cold basement of the theatre for the doors to open and admit them to a taste of the emptiest pleasure the world contains. For a whole day—perhaps a week—anticipations of this night had been rife, and part of their small earnings laid aside to buy this flimsy entertainment. The emptiest pleasure I have called it, but its more exact nature will appear if you will wait with me, as I waited with them, until the doors opened, and afterward through the performance.

In quantity, if not in quality, they were to have a fair return for their expenditures. The doors were announced to open at half-past six, and the curtain was to rise at seven. But the crowd that had gathered when the writer arrived had been forming since six o'clock. The vagabonds, mendicants, news-boys, and shoeblacks, had been shivering there until all their patience was exhausted; and as the time approached they grew more excited, tussling savagely with one another

for places nearest the door, and pressing against it until it seemed that bolts and hinges must give way. Meanwhile was to be heard an undercurrent of rude wit, scraps of comic songs, and tragic recitations, with a spice of criminal anecdote that might have been illustrated at the writer's cost but for the vigilance of a policeman, who presided over the turbulent with an elastic switch. They were like so many sheep under his eye, as abject as recruits for a pothouse; but when his back was turned they were demonstrative and riotous, unsparing with their jests and their antics. The formidable moment came when the door-keeper was heard touching the bolts within. Then the assemblage, which had nearly doubled, packed themselves closer than before, and held their breath. The smallest blasphemed the larger for crushing and stamping, and the larger crushed and stamped the more. The full-power men obtained the best positions; and as the door swung open they were in the van, with the rest galloping and screaming after them. The din was unearthly. One considered not the other, and some careless youngsters were elbowed and tossed about unmercifully until another interruption occurred at the ticket-office, where bits of cardboard were issued as fast as the twenty cents were laid down. Oaths and threats were heard with painful frequency.

"Se-hay, warra yer crushin' for? I'll lay you out, I will!"

This pleasant admonition was addressed to the writer personally, by a dwarfish scamp, whose face, hollow and distorted with bad passions as it was, indicated not more than ten years. A blow in the ribs followed the words, and my *enfant terrible* wriggled himself out of my reach, afraid that I would retaliate, an intention never for a moment entertained.

The walls and ceiling of the passage-way leading from the street were of whitewashed plaster unadorned, but liberally pencilled upon by former visitors. After purchasing tickets, the boisterous throng, passing through here, soon reached the narrow stairs—so narrow that inmates of the gallery will fare badly in case of fire, unless there are other means of exit—and dashed upward with the impetuosity and speed of a naval boarding-party. All the way up the walls were of the same unrelieved plaster and brick, here and there crumbling or patched, without bright lights or fresco; and at the summit, where our ticket was taken from us by a gentleman in his shirt-sleeves, armed with a cane, we emerged in a bar-room, a moist, sepulchral den, with doors entering on the gallery itself, so high as to be verily a region of the gods!—a steep eminence commanding a fine view of the stage, and, at some points, of the three tiers of boxes and stalls beneath it. We lingered—the writer had two newspaper friends with him—at the main entrance and watched the spectators as they came surging up the gloomy stairs, breathless, expectant, and tired. They were more destitute than at first appeared. Some were actually without decent covering, such little barbarians as shock our moral sense by their depravity and nakedness dauntlessly exposed to public gaze;

and not a few were fresh from their labors, with unwashed faces, and blacking-boxes thrown over their bony arms. In their haste and eagerness they caught many a switch from the attendants' canes before they settled down in their places. Nee did they accept this treatment uncomplainingly, but invoked dark powers upon their assailants' heads. Before we got in, nearly all the seats were taken, and the latest comers had to seek a still higher gallery, which also filled with a rapidity that must have carried joy to the manager's heart.

The lights remained low for nearly half an hour yet, but all those meagre faces were intent upon the green curtain, while the buzz of conversation went on uninterruptedly. Vendors of apples and peanuts moved about the audience, crying their wares. Some of the men beguiled and inspired themselves at the bar before alluded to, until at last, after all the waiting, struggling, and hope, a few instruments were scraped in the orchestra. The spectators then began to whistle, stamp, and shriek, vociferously. The lights blazed out a little stronger, and the stamping was more energetic, tantalizing the expectation to an insufferable point. A short delay was resented with an uproar of such vocal combinations as I had not thought the human voice capable of. But—tap, tap! That was the conductor's *béton*. The little fiends (so must I call them) shifted about in their seats, packed themselves closer than ever, and stretched their necks nearer the stage. Imagination and anticipation were on tiptoe. The haggard, half-starved creatures were on the brink of their Arcadia, soon to be initiated into scenes and deeds splendid only when compared to their own. They watched the cup of pleasure slowly rising to their lips. The expression that filled their faces was like that of hungry men receiving bread. And then the music rolled out, not richly or harmoniously, but with brassiness and vehemence that fired the small souls of the *gamins*, and sent streams of fitful fire out of their sunken eyes. The overture ended, they resumed their demonstrations of impatience until the tinkling of a bell was heard, and the curtain rose to quick music.

The play was such as "popular" audiences have delighted in for generations—a five-act emotional, farcical, realistic, localized, melodramatic composition, illustrating the rebuke of wickedness and the triumph of virtue. Villainy was personified in a beetle-browed gentleman in a linen duster and straw hat, who ingenuously explained to the audience that he had defrauded a beautiful young heiress out of her estates, worth never so many millions, at the mention of which the eyes of the audience glittered furiously. And virtue found a champion in a young woman, wearing trousers, a sort of moral Jack Sheppard, who was invariably looking up at the right upper entrance, and overhearing all the villain's plans. But Virtue, opportunely as she always was, also had a slouchy manner, and used slangy language, which ineffectually carried the lesson home. After stating her intention to defeat the heavy man, she added, with humor not usually found in virtue, "That's the kind of hair-pin I am!"

which avowal brought down the gallery in cheers, laughter, and applause. The promising and self-confessed hair-pin waddled through about fifteen scenes, foiling the unsuspecting villain in all his actions, until we began to sympathize with the poor fellow, and pity his simplicity. But our emotions of compassion were not shared by the gallery, who cursed the villain and cheered the hero and heroine through all the vicissitudes of their little parts. Never was there a better-tempered and better-disposed audience. They applauded every action and line enthusiastically, by screaming, stamping, and whistling. But the tumult reached its climax in the "great sensation scene" in the madhouse, where the heroine was confined by her persecutors. The hair-pin hero stole in here, and released his future bride. Single-handed, he put all the nurses into strait-jackets, the wardens into irons, and struck a brave, appealing attitude, which brought the curtain down amid roars of gratified delight. "H'ist the rag, h'ist the rag!" That was the call for the *encore*, "the rag" being the act-drop, and, in obedience to the mandate, "the rag" went up, round after round of riotous applause following. The time had now come for refreshments, and the ragged pleasure-seekers resorted to those famous revivifiers, peanuts and apples. So, through nearly six hours, the entertainment went on with laughter, excitement, and some genuine tears over the woes of the characters. Bad as the actors were, they touched some hearts. "Ah, ye devil," I overheard a small boy exclaim, shaking his little fist at the "heavy," "don't I wish I had yer 'ere!" And more than once, when the hero or heroine was in difficulties, I heard a sob, and saw a sympathetic tear trickling down a dusty Arab face.

As the company dispersed, pouring down the well-worn stairs, with terrible cat-calls and whoops, many lingered near the lights still burning outside the theatre. The night had grown colder, and, coming out of the hot building, they shivered in the winter blast. Not all had houses to shelter them, nor bread to appease their hunger, but they had tasted the pleasure that to them was feverish and brilliant. They were satisfied, and, when the awful policeman came to drive them away, they bantered him, and then sought the softest door-steps, the deepest ash-barrels, and the warmest corners, in which to pass the night.

WILLIAM H. RIDING.

INDIAN SUMMER.

WHEN the Indian summer came,
The prodigals of Nature gathered in
The slender autumn grain that grew within
Their little fields along the rivers—late
Their harvest and the hoar-frost drawing near
With all his lances; what would be their fate
If that last sunshine came not? Yet no fear
Felt they—the Indian summer always came.

Old Nature loved her prodigals,
The idle sons who roamed her golden West,
Scouring her prairie miles, with lance at rest,
For the mere joy of feeling the swift wind

Keen on their tawny cheeks; her thrifty ways
Of spring-time seed they laughed to scorn,
and sinned
And rioted through all her harvest-days;
And yet—the Indian summer always came.

When the Indian summer comes
In lives, then prodigals do gather in
Their small, late-planted harvest, sadly thin
The sheaves; yet with glad hands they hoard
their store,
And deem it golden plenty—they forget
What sheaves they might have had; and,
though the hoar
Of coming winter on their locks is set,
Though late—their Indian summer always
comes.

For Nature loves her prodigals—
After our wasted months she grants the days
Of Indian summer's golden purple haze,
After our wasted lives she gives a time
For late repentance when we gather in
A slender store of virtues; all our prime
Was wasted, soon the snows of age begin,
And yet—our Indian summer always comes.

O well-remembered prodigal
Whom we all know, was it at this fair time—
The Indian summer of our Western clime—
That thou didst hasten to thy father? Come,
Arise, let us go forth; our Father waits—
Not here among the empty husks, our home—
Far in the purple skies, the golden gates
Of Indian summer open—prodigals, come!

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

MISCELLANY.

MINOR ORIGINAL ARTICLES, TRANSLATIONS, AND SELECTIONS.

A MARRIAGE ON SPECULATION.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

THE French entered Amsterdam the 20th of January, 1815. The soldiers stacked their arms on the pavement, and waited anxiously for their billets for quarters.

Despite the severity of the weather, the citizens turned out in large numbers to welcome and admire the veterans in their rags. There was general rejoicing throughout the city, which for the most part was illuminated. At the extreme end of the town there was a single house, whose dark, forbidding aspect was in strong contrast to the brilliant appearance of the neighboring buildings. It was the residence of the rich merchant Meister Woerden. He was completely absorbed in his commercial operations, and neither knew nor cared to know what was going on in the political world; and, then, he was too familiar with the rules of economy to think of squandering candles on an illumination.

At this moment, when all was joy and enthusiasm throughout Amsterdam, Meister Woerden sat quietly in his big arm-chair beside the fire. On the table there was a little brass lamp, a mug of beer, and a big clay pipe. On the other side of the fire sat an old maid-servant, whose rotundity betrayed her Flemish origin. She was occupied in shoving back the coals that had fallen out on the hearth, when there came a loud knock at the street-door.

"Who can that be? Go and see," said the old merchant to the maid, who had risen to her feet.

A few moments later a stalwart young man entered the room. He threw off his mantle and approached the fire.

"Good-evening, father," said he.

"How? Is it you, William? I did not expect you back so soon."

"I left Broek this morning, but the roads have been made so bad by the army-trains that we have been the whole day on the way."

"Well, did you see Van Elburg?"

"Yes," said the young man, seating himself before the fire; "Meister van Elburg consents to the marriage, but he adheres to his determination to give his daughter a dowry of only four thousand ducats."

"Well, then, he may keep his daughter and his dowry," replied Woerden, with a frown.

"But, father—"

"Not a word, my son! At your age we have no more sense than to sacrifice every thing for love, and to despise riches."

"But Herr van Elburg is the richest merchant in Holland, and what he does not give now will be ours at his death."

"Nonsense!" replied Meister Woerden. "Am I, too, not sick? Listen, my son. You will soon follow me in my business. Never forget these two rules: never give more than you receive, and never further another man's interest to the detriment of your own. Guided by these principles, one will better his condition in marriage as well as in trade."

"But, father—"

"Not another word, my son—not another word!"

William knew his father too well to say any thing more, but he could not avoid evincing his displeasure by his manner. To this, however, the old man paid no attention; he calmly filled his pipe, lighted it, and began to smoke.

Again there was a loud rap at the street-door, while at the same time the dogs began to bark.

"Aha!" said Meister Woerden, "it must be a stranger, or the dogs wouldn't bark so. Go and see who it is, William."

The young man went to the window.

"It is one of the militia horsemen," said William.

"A militia horseman! What can he want?"

At this moment the maid-servant entered and handed Woerden a letter. He carefully examined the seal.

"From the provisional government," said he.

His hand trembled as he hastily opened the letter and read it, but suddenly the old tradesman's face lighted up with a joyous expression as he cried:

"Good—good! I accept."

The letter contained an order for four hundred thousand herrings for the army, to be delivered within a month.

"William," cried the old man, "I have a capital thought. You would marry Van Elburg's daughter, and have a handsome dowry with her?"

"Yes, father, I would; but—"

"Well, leave the matter to me," interrupted the old man. "But see that there are two horses ready for us to-morrow morning, early."

The next morning, at sunrise, father and son were on the high-road from Amsterdam to Broek, which they reached about mid-day. They repaired immediately to the residence of Van Elburg, who, when he saw them enter, cried out:

"Ah, good-morning, Meister Woerden! Have you fled from the *Parlevous*? In any case, you are welcome."

"No, I flee from nobody. You know I have nothing to do with politics. I come to propose a good speculation to you."

"Yes? What is it?"

"I have an order from the government for four hundred thousand herrings, to be delivered within a month. Can you furnish me with that number in, say, three weeks?"

"At what price?"

"Ten florins a thousand."

"Ten florins! Yes, I will furnish them."

"Very well, and now to dinner; I am half famished. At table we will talk of another matter."

Woerden introduced the subject of the marriage, but Van Elburg could not be persuaded to increase the dowry he had offered to give his daughter to the amount of a single stiver. They nevertheless decided that the wedding should take place that day week.

The following day, Woerden and his son returned home. Hardly had they left Broek when the young man asked:

"Then, father, you have changed your mind?"

"How so?"

"Have you not decided to accept the dowry offered by Meister van Elburg?"

"Let me manage the matter in my own way, my son, and ask no questions."

When the wedding-day came, Woerden and his son returned to Broek. Van Elburg received them kindly, but he was so flurried and nervous that William feared he had some bad news for them. His father, however, had no such misgivings; the old fox knew too well the cause of his colleague's disturbed manner.

"What is the matter, Meister van Elburg?" he asked, with a sardonic smile. "You seem to be worried about something."

"Ah, my friend, I am greatly embarrassed. I must speak with you."

"What is it? Have you changed your mind with regard to the marriage. Speak frankly; it is not yet too late."

"No no; it is another matter entirely."

"Well, then, let us first proceed with the wedding-ceremony. Afterward I shall be quite at your service."

The company, therefore, repaired to a neighboring church, and in a few minutes the young people were husband and wife. When they returned to the house, Van Elburg asked Woerden to go with him into his private room.

"My friend," began Van Elburg, when he had carefully closed the door, "in accordance with our agreement, I should within two weeks from now deliver to you four hundred thousand herrings. Thus far, however, I have not been able to procure a single one. There are none in the market; they have been all bought up."

"Certainly they have; I bought them up myself," replied Woerden, smiling.

"But—but—how about my contract?" stammered Van Elburg.

"You will fulfill it. Listen, friend Van Elburg: you will some day leave your daughter a handsome fortune; I shall leave my son at least as much; it is therefore unnecessary to discuss their future. This, however, is not true of the present. I shall soon give my entire business to my son, while you give your daughter only four thousand ducats. I could not oppose the wishes of the young people; but, when I consented to their union, I determined to compel you to do your duty toward them. With this object in view, I contracted with you for four hundred thousand herrings, at ten florins a thousand, although I then had all the herrings in the market. Now, in order to comply with the terms of your agreement, you must buy from me, and my price is fifty florins a thousand; you have, therefore, only to pay over to me the sum of sixteen thousand florins, and we shall be square."

While Meister Woerden was arriving at this mercantile deduction, Van Elburg regained his wonted equanimity.

"I see, I see," said he; "you are a clever tradesman. I am fairly caught, and must bide the consequences."

Their conference ended, the two old mer-

chants rejoined the wedding-company, as though nothing unusual had occurred between them.

A week later, Van Elburg went to Amsterdam, ostensibly to see his daughter. Now the tables were turned.

"Ah, meister, cried Woerden, on seeing his colleague from Broek, 'I am in a terrible dilemma. The time is approaching when I must deliver the four hundred thousand herrings, and not a cask can I find to put them in!'"

"That does not surprise me," answered Van Elburg, smiling; "you bought up all my herrings, and I bought up all your casks!"

THE PURIFICATION OF RIVERS.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

THE health and strength of citizens depend upon the public water; by polluting its purity, it is rendered perfidious and murderous. Rivers that have become corrupt are vehicles of sickness and death, instruments of the physical decline of the inhabitants, obstacles to the increase of population—they are veins where impure blood flows.

The deterioration of running waters is invariably due to the same cause; they are infected by the sewers which empty there the water of factories and households. As capitals are always built on the shores of some river, that is burdened with so much other domestic service, fills in addition the office of sweeper and night-workman, and thus the water is rendered horribly unwholesome below great cities. The Thames, that receives the sewage of London, gives forth a well-known odor at certain seasons; the Spree at Berlin, the Seine below Asnières, roll water unfit for nourishment. It is still worse for rivers of a weak delivery that pass by manufacturing cities; some of them have become a public pest. The Vesle at Rheims, the Mersey at Liverpool, the Irwell at Manchester, are in this condition. The English territory is placed in conditions fatally exceptional, in consequence of an excessive accumulation of manufactures of every kind upon a water-course of too limited an extent. Some years since, the sanitary authority of the town of Wakefield received from the inhabitants a letter written with pale ink. "Without asking permission," said the letter, "we address to the proper authority these lines, written with the water of the Calder, drawn this day from the point where the city sewer empties; we regret that the odor pervading this place cannot accompany this piece of information as a supplement." And Wakefield was not the worst locality among the towns where the state of the public water could justify this sadly eloquent pleasantry. The Irwell, when it reaches Manchester, after having served about ten thousand factories of all kinds, and been loaded with impurities of the towns and villages that has traversed, is, says an official report, "infectious and black as the Styx."

The true means of neutralizing the poison that impure waters introduce into rivers—those arteries of life—is to spread them over the fields. Our civilization, old and rich in experience, understands at last the necessity of a strict economy in the elements of production and fertility; instead of allowing the impure deposit to pass away with the current and be lost in the sea, after having poisoned the inhabitants of the river-banks, it is easy to utilize it by the irrigation of the meadows, and the transformation of sterile wastes into productive lands and kitchen-gardens. The sewage of Edinburgh has been used for more than a century to fertilize immense sandy tracts of land. A large number of English and Scotch towns have adopted the

method of irrigation, each one adapting the process to its own particular situation; in English India, Madras successfully followed this example in 1869. The experiments of irrigation, which were followed for five years in the plain of Gennevilliers, at the gates of Paris, have been equally crowned with success, and will soon be applied on a much vaster scale. In Germany the attempts at irrigation, undertaken at Dantzic and Berlin, have given equally conclusive results. When properly managed, the water of irrigation is despoiled of its impurities to the benefit of the soil, and the water thus purified betrays its origin so little that it is often preferred to well-water. The success of irrigation is due principally to the instantaneous effect of filtration by the soil, the consequence of which is an oxidation or slow combustion that transforms the organic matter into carbonic acid, water, and nitric acid; but it is necessary that the surface of the field of irrigation should be in proportion to the delivery of the sewers. Two acres for two hundred and fifty inhabitants is considered as about the right proportion. In case the land is not extensive enough to absorb the sewage, recourse is had to intermittent filtering by making the liquid flow over a land deeply drained and divided into four parts, of which each one receives the sewage during six hours; two acres is then nearly sufficient to purify the sewage of five thousand inhabitants. This system has been applied at Merthyr-Tydvil, and is going to be tried at Birmingham.

There is only one sure means of determining the hygienic qualities of water; this is to observe its effect on living organisms. Water is healthy when animals and the higher order of vegetables can live in it; it is infected when living beings perish in it, except infusoria and cryptogamia. The fish that inhabit a river are a pledge of its purity. As soon as water becomes unwholesome, the fish rise to the surface half fainting; they collect in the places where some beads of pure air are found, and, if they are driven from these stations, they die. In July, 1869, the impurity of the Seine having greatly increased, the fish died from Saint-Denis to Châton. Toward Argenteuil the dead fish formed upon both shores a bank six feet wide, and nearly three miles long, and the inhabitants were compelled to carry away the dead fish and bury them. Most of the mollusks perish in the same way in infected water; as soon as the water is infected, they ascend along the grass, conceal themselves, and wait to return when the danger has disappeared. Aquatic plants are also tests for the quality of the water, but tests of a very unequal sensibility. The most delicate appears to be the water-cress, whose presence characterizes excellent water. Some years since a *ficulerie* established at Louvres discharged its water into the Croult, above the cress-beds of Gonesse, and in a few hours every water-cress perished; a lawsuit followed, and the court decreed that the water of the *ficulerie* should not be emptied into the river. The cress-bed immediately began to revive. Lower orders of plants flourish in water of middling purity, and the most robust of the aquatic family is a species of reed, the *Arundo phragmites*, which resists the most infected water.

When the deterioration of the water makes progress, the river loses its limpidity, the water becomes opaline, and this gray color resists filtration. The surface is covered with scum, and the water deposits a black and fetid slime, whence bubbles of gas are disengaged. Soon the sulphurets appear, especially sulphuretted hydrogen, and the emanations of the river blacken silver and the kitchen-utensils exposed to it. In these conditions the water has a disagreeable taste, and produces colic, sometimes a true symp-

tom of poison. At Gonesse, in 1869, a child fell into a drain full of water from a factory; it was drawn out immediately, and at first its condition caused no disquietude, but the next day it died. A workman of Stains, who fell into the Rouillon, and succeeded in getting out of the water, died a few hours later.

A chemical analysis and microscopic examination of these infected rivers attest the presence of a large quantity of organic matter, whose decomposition deprives the water of its oxygen, and thus renders life impossible to beings endowed with a superior organization. When water contains a normal proportion, it can sustain the life of fishes and herbs; it is then healthy and probably good. When the oxygen diminishes, animals of active respiration disappear first, then those of slower respiration; it is thus that the black leech can live in water where the shrimp dies instantly. This diminution of oxygen has also an influence on plants, and is caused by the oxidation of the organic matters that pollute the water. Water is corrupt when it is deprived of oxygen; water is simply deteriorated when it contains less than a normal quantity. This assertion is verified by experience; no trace of oxygen is found in water notoriously infected. The salubrity, deterioration, and corruption of water depend then upon the presence or absence of oxygen, and the proportion of this gas that water contains gives the exact measure of its hygienic qualities.

If, therefore, instead of abandoning industrial water to putrid fermentation in the drains of decantation, it is spread out over a large surface in order to be aerated, the organic matter will be oxidated to saturation, and can then without danger be discharged into the river. It will not, however, be effective unless the space is sufficient, and the drainage of the most thorough kind. This method of purification has been applied to the *ficulerie* of Gonesse, that sends to the Croult every day nearly forty thousand gallons of manufacturing-water and potato-juice. In distributing this mass upon a clayey soil of six thousand feet of surface, previously drained, the water was easily absorbed, the land remained good, perfectly healthy, and the infection of the Croult below the factory was notably diminished. The proprietor of the *ficulerie* of Bourget tried, in 1872, to discharge the water upon a drained land of about sixteen hundred feet in extent, but the soil was infected, and the water preserved its injurious qualities. The next year it was spread out upon a space twenty times larger, and the success was complete.

The conclusion to be drawn from these researches is, that the cause of the unhealthiness that results from the concentration of population in cities, and the multiplication of factories, is more grave than was formerly suspected, and that it is possible to find an efficacious remedy. Nothing, then, can excuse the thoughtlessness that allows the evil to augment, and, before coming to a determination, await the intervention of the legislator or the terrible warning of an epidemic. The money that is spent in works for promoting health is returned a hundred-fold in well-being and prosperity.

FUN IN FUR.

A STUFFED Animals' Company (Limited) is a comical notion in itself, and the result of its operations, on view just now at the Crystal Palace, is odd and interesting to a degree which mere description cannot adequately convey, because the collection will strike people differently according to their tastes. Every one must be impressed by the advance in the art of taxidermy evidenced by the ten-

ants of the two long galleries, which are about equally divided into serious and comic subjects, and are entirely unlike the stiff, dull, staring-eyed, stark-coated, stuffed beasts of former days, which, beginning with those at the British Museum—where even the big rhinoceros looks mean, and the golden eagle is only a bird of straw—were the dearest of dead things. To attune his mind perfectly to the inspection of the curious collection, the visitor ought to begin with a peep into Mr. Wilson's office, where he will see a bull-dog, sitting by the wall, so exceedingly natural and so appallingly ugly, that he will start first, and then expect to see "Brummy" under the adjoining table; but the "bull" is only a model, which produces an illusion as complete as does the kenneled mastiff among the frescoes in the Wiertz Gallery at Brussels. It would be well if, in the arrangement of the Württemberg Collection, a more jungly effect could be produced. At present the platform is a little too apparent, and there is too much sameness in the trees, with one wild beast crouching on each, while his or her companion is pulling down the quarry at its foot. This repetition gives the appearance of an assemblage of individual groups, each having been constructed on a similar plan, rather than the effect intended to be produced by the entire collection—that of a vast space in a land where the fierce creatures have it all their own way, with specimens of them in pursuit of their prey. But even under the restricted actual circumstances, the assemblage carries one fascinated into the life of the forest creatures. The attitudes are conveyed in many instances so perfectly that, watching the glide, the subtle serpentine curve of the spine under the sleek-striped, tawny coat, the pounce of the powerful paws, one almost listens for the low, fierce, satisfied growl. This is on the serious side of the gallery, where tigers, who might be the untransmigrated Cleopatra and Antony of Mr. Story's poem; leopards, pumas, bears, elks, and Indian deer—all worthy to have fallen to the rifle of the Old Shikarry himself—hunt, or fight, or feed, or watch, or rest; each with marvelously life-like action and curiously individual expression, the triumph of the taxidermist's art. The stuffer, in these cases, has considered the subject as a character in a little drama of strong passion and decided action, and there is not a suggestion of the straw bolster and glass eyes to be fitted-in-anyhow kind of handiwork which lends a forlorn dreariness to such things in general. These heads are alert, these eyes keep watch. The deer are listening, or calling, or challenging, or their strong, graceful limbs have but just been checked into stillness; the huge American bison, with blood-injected eyes, grinds the writhing jaguar beneath his enormous frame with sheer crushing strength; but the great cat's comrade has seized the lord of "the Barrens," and with ripping claws, rending teeth, and lashing, swollen tail, is tearing the life out of the huge beast, whose size and weight avail little against the lithe ferocity of *Felis Onca*. Here is a magnificent lion; and under his fore-paws lies a panting negro, with watching, agonized eyes, and raised hand, ready, when the dreadful, roaring, red-hot mouth shall snarl down nearer to his bare, black breast, to strike that sharp, jagged knife between the stretched, foam-dabbled jaws, into the deep chest of the royal brute. A grand animal must have stalked, and hunted, and roared in the jungle, prowled over sands tawny as his own hide and as his topaz-tinted eye, drunk at pools in the night, scaring the lesser creatures from the brackish water, under the black-and-yellow skin of No. 35, when he lived at home in South Africa, and exulted in the storms which made his hunting easy work, frightening the folk of forest and desert into panic-stricken, ready prey. He was not afraid, not he! but

just such a lion as William Hewitt taught us to believe in forty years ago—a lion

"made to dwell
In hot lands intractable,
Where himself, the sun, the sand,
Were a tyrannous, triple band;
Lion-king, and desert throne,
All the region was his own"—

a lion concerning whom one asks, looking at him, "When he sent his roaring forth, fell not silence on the earth?" The jackal—concerning whom our early notions are dispelled, for, instead of being the "lion's provider," we now know he only sneaks after him, and, so to speak, licks the plates—the ocelot, the fox, the wolf, the otter, the great boar-hound, and his fierce, brave enemy—grandly displayed, with a disabled *méde* around him, and charging furiously—a group of dainty, delicate, quick-eared chamois, taking counsel of the wind and of the echoes—these are only a few of the objects on which the eye rests as one passes down the gallery, toward the great group at the end. About the middle one's attention is caught by the slow swaying in the air, from the open ceiling, of a huge albatross, its swooping form, with widely extended wings, bent downward, and its duck-like bill open, as though it were screaming over the waves. This is an unrivaled specimen, and, *à propos* of it, we learn a curious fact. A highly-esteemed kind of pipe being made by sailors from the wing-bones of the albatross—those which answer to the human forearm, between the elbow and the wrist—Mr. Wilson gave a commission to some men who sailed northward with the whaling and sealing fleet last year to bring him some albatross wing-bones. Undeterred by Coleridge, they brought them, to the number of one thousand wing-bones, which have been made into pipes and are being sold in London. The great group at the end of the gallery is like one of Horace Vernet's desert-pictures. A splendid black horse is bounding and pawing the air, snorting with rage and terror, while his rider, a Hindoo, in native dress and accoutrements, turns to finish with a parting shot a superb tigress, already mortally wounded, who is tumbling backward, the attitude wonderfully preserved. A male tiger is charging the murderer and robber, from whose saddle-bow swing—the cruel cord tight round their innocent necks—four beautiful little tiger-cubs, whose curled fore-paws, curved backs, feebly-protesting hind-legs, and screwed-up, pitiful eyes, convey, with quite distressing fidelity, the agony of strangulation. This group is a masterpiece; the horse especially, without a stiff line about him, and full of movement, is said to be unrivaled among the achievements of taxidermy.

As we come up the gallery on the opposite side, the comic element prevails. A more dexterous blending of our own notions of fun, frolic, and satire, with the special traits and characteristics of every animal introduced into the numerous groups which line the long wall, and illustrate Fable in its essence and its details, it would be difficult to imagine. The chief interest of the collection attaches to the story of "Reynard the Fox," as related by Goethe, and illustrated by Kaulbach. It is represented in eighteen tableaux, and they are all exquisitely funny, from the first scene of "Reineke Fuchs," which portrays the fox, with a preoccupied, fussy, commandant air, before Fort Malepartus, to the last scene of all, when he rests from his labors, in an attitude the very perfection of dapper dandyism and self-complacency, on a stiff German sofa, with his dainty limbs crossed, and his right paw resting on his breast, with a ludicrous suggestion of its being tucked into a white waistcoat. It would be difficult to decide which is the most admirable of these groups, in all the blending of the animal form with the human meaning is accomplished with such surprising

skill; but if one were obliged to choose, perhaps the two which respectively represent the action of Crow and the Hare's against Reineke would merit selection, from their fullness and variety of suggestion, and the irresistibly droll, protesting vagabondism of Reineke under the circumstances. Nothing but the Japanese pictures of Kitsé, in Humbert's description of the worship of the Fox, could convey a notion of the humor and meaning with which Herr Ploucquet has animated the skins of the foxes, the hares, the crows, the mice, and other little animals employed in these tableaux. They are succeeded by a series of groups in which animals play the parts of human beings with an astonishing adaptability and *finesse* of expression. A council of three statesmen, personated by foxes; "Afternoon Tea," by eight little cats; a frog-ball; and a skating-rink, at which sixteen hedgehogs—absurdly like skaters wrapped up in gray great-coats—are the performers; six cats and a polecat mourning over a dead relative; a lady in crinoline, with her husband and servant, represented by a cat, a red howling monkey, and a baboon; and a party of six hares, as receivers of stolen goods, surprised by a fox, as a policeman—are among the cleverest of these admirable performances. An evening scene about the market-fountains at Stuttgart, in which four dogs flirt with four young geese, the dogs being in uniform, and "quite killing;" and eight geese, who are not flirted with, cackle scandal round the fountain, is indescribably funny; and close to it is a group which combines the humorous with the pathetic with rare power. On a doll's bedstead, beautifully decked, lies a snow-white kitten, attired in a dainty night-gown of lawn and lace, with a delicious little cap of lace and satin ribbon. A tiny bouquet lies on the white coverlet, the faint, feeble head indents a down pillow, the tiny paw lies in the hand of a venerable, accurately-attired, spectacled fox-doctor, who, with solemn mien, announces that it is all over. One cannot look at this without being half ashamed of being touched by the pathos, as much as amused by the fun, of that early death-bed. Near the exit are several beautiful birds, in strangely life-like guise; and, as a last glimpse of the ideal and poetic, a superb lyre-bird arches its glistening neck, and curves its shining tail-feathers into the old, immortal harp-form, with the delicate silver threads crossing it for chords, as though tuned for the fingers of Orpheus; and a gorgeous Argus peacock turns its keen head; and spreads its plumed tail, as though wondering at what hour Juno's chariot has been ordered for a drive in the Crystal Palace Gardens.—*From the Spectator.*

A TRIP TO THE LOWLAND REGIONS OF THE WESTERN COLORADO.

THE entire district of country to which the military post of Fort Yuma stands as sentinel is one of the most interesting of all our territorial possessions. Situated at the confluence of the Colorado and Gila Rivers, it commands the section occupied by several of the most important Indian tribes, including two which have made considerable progress in the arts of agriculture and manufactures, and at least one which is supposed to represent the fallen grandeur of the Aztec race. But it is not alone in a retrospective sense that the Territory of Arizona—as the old Gadsden purchase has been happily rechristened—is noteworthy, for it is across this belt of country that the Southern Pacific Railroad is preparing to stretch its connecting bands, and here a large proportion of the national wealth is ere long to concentrate.

Learning that a party was in process of organization, a share of whose duty was the survey of that portion of the common domain,

I sought and, without much difficulty, obtained permission to accompany it in its wanderings over a region rarely visited by the footsteps of civilized man, and only partially described by Fremont, who made the banks of the Gila River the theatre of a part of his topographical researches.

Fort Yuma is admirably situated for purposes of military defense, being upon a plateau some sixty feet in height, and overlooking a wide expanse of country, amid which the Castle Peak Mountains and the rock known as Chimney Peak are conspicuous. Opposite the plateau, on the western bank of the Colorado, a small settlement, or trading-post, has sprung into existence, which is dignified by the name of Arizona City, where, to be in keeping with the grandeur of the title, stores and supplies of various kinds are sold at prices which recall the palmy days of California. When it is borne in mind that there is no agricultural industry at this particular point, and no facility for conveyance beyond that afforded by the pack-trains, the mystery is accounted for.

During an enforced stay of a fortnight, to enable our party to complete its outfit for the overland march, we were afforded an opportunity of assisting at the annual distribution of stores, clothing, etc., to the Indians of the district immediately surrounding. Several thousand dollars had been expended in imitation jewelry and knick-knacks of various kinds, but of articles of actual utility I saw but little, although it was known that a heavy appropriation had been voted by Congress for that purpose. Some half-dozen ploughs, a few rifles, a small supply of blankets and ammunition, filled out the list of useful articles. To share these, a large representation of Yumas and Mohavea was present. I saw one noble specimen in a hickory shirt and three dilapidated silk hats, and very proud he seemed of his acquisition. But an officer's uniform appeared to be the great object of male desire, especially as it carried with it the privilege of wearing a sword.

Many of these savages are fine-looking specimens, and not a little trouble did it cost the United States to subdue them. The women are generally well formed and handsome, taking special pride in their long raven tresses. Their only dress is a short skirt, made of some species of bark, and most of them carried an infant astride the hip, the garb of Adam being its only clothing. The distribution of the heavier and more useful articles was witnessed with great stolidity, the ploughs and agricultural implements attracting little competition; but when from the windows of the trading-post a large quantity of cheap trinkets was tossed out indiscriminately, the whole assemblage went down upon their hands and knees, rolling and tumbling over each other in the wildest excitement. The women proved themselves genuine daughters of Eve in the frenzy they exhibited to possess themselves of sundry bits of looking-glass, in which they seemed never to tire of gazing. Then the speeches were made, and, within a very brief time, one might take a deliberate survey of the plain from the summit of the plateau, and not find an Indian in sight.

Access is had to the fort by flat-bottomed boats, worked by means of a rope and pulley, and propelled by poles, which is almost as primitive a style of navigation as can well be imagined. The stream (the Colorado) is shallow, and of a yellow-ochry hue; while as for the Gila, there is still less of it, and at times, in fact, it totally disappears in the ground; notwithstanding which, an attempt was once made to procure an appropriation with the view of placing a line of steamboats upon it! Not far from the fort is Gila City—a place which exists for the present on paper only, although in the time of the mining fever there was an encampment here—and about the same distance up the Colorado is another imaginary

town, called Snively City, which the Indians have thus far prevented from being over-populated. Through the politeness of some officers of the post, a small party was organized with the object of paying a visit to the landmark known as Castle Dome. We took Snively's on our way, and slept in the best house in the place, there being only two, and this one a hut of reeds, through the roof of which the stars were visible. The processes of cooking and eating were carried on in the open air. We saw fresh bear-tracks along the river-bottom, as we led our horses to water, on the following morning; but the bears of this region are sensible enough to keep out of the reach of observation. José, our manservant, professed to have slain several of them with his single hand; but he was so fond of indulging in stories, that no one would believe him, although of his talents in the cooking of a bear-steak we had ample experience. Here are several rich silver-mines, as yet but partially explored; but the sight of a number of miners, who had been driven from their camp farther inland, was any thing but favorable to the prospect. Here are some ancient works, including a well sunk in the solid rocks, which recall the days of Spanish rule; and here, it is said, in times by-gone, a young and lovely woman, who had forsaken the allurements of civilized society to share the lodge of an Indian brave, committed suicide when the romantic fit had worn away.

The scenery is made up of barren and desolate rocks, with occasionally a *mesa* of volcanic origin. Here and there a monster cactus rises out of the stony soil, until after a ride of some hours we find the foot-hills literally covered with them in all the different varieties. The projected railroad will avoid these mountains, taking a route which Nature has already graded as if for the purpose. The peak of Castle Dome looks down, like a castle-keep of the middle ages, upon serried ranges of rock, and upon the works of the prospectors, dotting the landscape below.

A single day sufficed to exhaust the novelties of this locality, where all is so sterile and forbidding, and on the following morning we were embarked upon the little steamer Cocopal, as it painfully puffed its way up the winding river.

Vast operations have been from time to time talked of with a view to overflowing the country round about, and thus converting it into a blooming garden; but the presence of great quantities of alkali in the soil is a serious obstacle. Owing to the presence of this ingredient in their food, the teeth of the Indians are as white as snow; which is more than can be said for those of the tobacco-chewing prospectors, who are disputing with them for every inch of ground on which a speck of mineral can be seen outcropping.

—Robert F. Greeley.

CHIOZZA.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

WHOEVER visits Venice should not fail to include Chiozza (Chioggia), whose churches contain so much of the handiwork of the great Italian artists of the sixteenth century—Chiozza, where Titian found models for his nymphs and Madonnas; where Goldoni lived for a long time, and where he laid the scene of some of his best comedies; where so many modern painters have found some of their best subjects—Chiozza, so rich in historic recollections, whose sturdy sons fought so bravely, in early times, against the Turks, and in 1848 and 1859 against the Austrians.

Sometimes there are little steamers running from Venice to the old town; but, if there are none, any well-manned gondola at the *piazetta* will take you there with perfect

safety, especially if you go *per l'interno*, that is, if you go through the lagoons instead of taking the more direct route by sea. The route passes Palestrina, where the great marble walls, the "Murazzi," are, which the republic built, in the eighteenth century, as a protection against the sea. Under a beautiful marble bridge, Ponto de Bigo, which consists of a single arch, you sail into the harbor and land at the quay of the canal, which is always found full of fishing-boats.

No *ciceroni* or *fachini* annoy the arriving stranger—tourists are seen here too rarely to make the *cicerone's* vocation profitable. Nor are there any "guides," either printed or living, for the by no means unimportant town, which has a population at present of about twenty-three thousand. The fact, therefore, that we have to discover unaided whatever the town contains worthy of notice, adds to the interest of a visit.

The cathedral, with its beautiful altar and baptismal font of pure Carrara marble, and valuable paintings, is easily found, as are the other churches—ten in number—and public buildings. But what is most interesting here is the every-day life of the people, as you see it in the streets, the dock-yards—which turn out about one hundred vessels, large and small, yearly—on the numerous bridges, on the canal and in the markets—where the products of the Adriatic and the lagoons are displayed—on the large squares, where, in the evening, one can hear improvisations in the dialect of Chiozza, or long recitations from Dante or Tasso in pure Italian.

If one would become acquainted with the distinctive characteristics of Chiozza, it is necessary to visit the town when the boats, on the occasion of some *fête*, return from the fishing-grounds. Nearly all the men are either sailors or fishermen; ordinarily, therefore, the city seems too large for its inhabitants. But this is far from being the case at Easter and on the *fête* days of the patron saints of Chiozza, San Felice, and San Fortunato. Then the canals are crowded with fishing-smacks; and the quays, and streets, and squares, are alive with the noisiest and merriest of merry-makers. The families of these hardy sailors and fishermen give expression to their joy in genuine Italian fashion. After having encircled his head with a wreath, and decking him out generally, they escort the fisher most favored by Fortune through the streets, to the sound of music, and preceded by a great number of flags and banners. On the *fête* days of the patron saints of the city, a long procession marches from one end of the town to the other, and on the evening of Good-Friday the whole population assembles on the grand piazza, which is beautifully illuminated. And then and there many a sturdy young fisher is himself caught, for many of the girls of Chiozza are very pretty, and the young men are none the less susceptible to their charms because they see comparatively little of them.

TWO FRENCH EXPLORERS.

(From the French, for the JOURNAL.)

THE *Journal Officiel* publishes the account given by Messieurs Marche and De Compiègne, at the last sitting of the *Société Géographique*, of their African expedition on the Upper Ogowe (Gaboon).

The Ogowe is a large river which empties into the sea one degree below the old French settlement of Gaboon. According to the natives, it takes its rise in some large lakes, and from this indication we may surmise that the stream is not improbably the outlet of those vast sheets of water which Livingstone discovered in his last expedition. It was with the view of verifying this hypothesis that the

two French travelers had resolved to follow up the hitherto unexplored course of the Ogowe.

On the 12th of January, 1874, they turned their backs upon the farthest European factory established on the river's banks, and entered the Okota territory. The dwellings were in a wretched condition, for the inhabitants have been driven from the right bank by the Oseybas. They live in poverty, and their chief subsistence is a slightly sweet and exceedingly pasty fruit, which grows in great abundance in the woods. Their women, however, display more reserve than those of the other river tribes of Ogowe. The slave-trade constitutes their principal commercial resource. The king of the country had to be applied to before ascending the rapids, and the earlier negotiations proved easy enough, because conducted by the aid of presents; but it is a time-honored tradition among all the petty negro kings to use every means, legitimate and illegitimate, to bleed travelers of all the gifts in their power; so that Messieurs De Compiègne and Marche, growing weary of his sable majesty's unconscionable delays and exactions, ended by taking the high-hand with him, and continued their journey by main force. The passage of these rapids is very arduous, and often accompanied with danger, all the more so at that time, owing to the unusual lowness of the water; the worst being that these same rapids—not unfrequently transformed into regular cataracts—succeed one another over a distance of more than a hundred and fifty miles; so that the Ogowe may be considered as descending the wide though very steep western slope of some vast central plateau or table-land. At each stage of their way, the travelers met with assurances that the stream had its origin in certain great lakes; and this information kept renewing their courage. After the Okotas they came among the Apingis, a mild and industrious people. At last, after many mutinies on the part of their escort, sharp encounters with the aborigines, partial shipwrecks, and hardships of all kinds, our two French officers found themselves at a couple of hundred miles beyond the farthest point of any previous exploration, buried in the heart of an unknown country, at the confluence of the Ogowe with another large river called the Irindo. On March 10th the canoes, which were hugging the right bank, encountered a volley from a party of Oseybas in ambuscade, who immediately, after this noble exploit, fled to the depths of the neighboring forests.

However, Messieurs De Compiègne and Marche succeeded in persuading the negroes to push on, and continued their course for another four miles up the river; which, after bearing to west-northwest, takes a sudden bend to the south, and flows on free of all obstruction. According to the Okandas, they were now only four days' journey from the great lakes. While the party were halting upon an island at the junction of the Ogowe and the Irindo, the Oseybas appeared upon both banks at once, and opened a fierce fire upon the little band. The terror of the escort now reached its height, and neither threats nor entreaties availed to dissuade the negro chiefs from flight. They retraced their way down-stream with the most reckless speed; and three of the canoes were lost in the rapids. After a succession of alarms, sufferings, and trials of every description, the travelers found themselves thrown once more upon the Okanda territory, whence they dragged their weary way to Cape Fétiche, and so on to the French hospital at Gaboon, where they were rescued from an apparently imminent death.

Messieurs Marche and De Compiègne have not accomplished their aim; but they have reaped a harvest of precious information concerning African geography and ethnology.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

OF course it is a very ancient truism to say that it is more difficult to use power than to gain it. And, equally of course, this truism is always forgotten by the people to whom it most applies. The ruling class of every age—whether ruling intellectually or politically—has speedily forgotten it, and become actively instrumental in its own downfall; and there seems to be no little cause for fear that this forgetfulness affects the most thoughtful as well as the most thoughtless of men.

History is full of instances of this class-suicide; the autocrats have committed it—they were their own destroyers; and the theologians have committed it—for they had as complete a hold of the world in their day of rulership as any class could ask for, and they sacrificed it by misuse of their power. Leaders of philosophies have lost their rising power by self-destructive measures, the result of which it required no special wisdom to foresee; and great writers and poets everywhere have apparently done their best, after their fame and their influence have been well gained, to destroy them both. Charlemagne was soon followed by Charles the Fat; the force of Richelieu dwindled away in the feebleness of his followers; Hegelianism ran into absurdity in its later teachings; "Les Misérables" has been followed by "L'Homme qui rit" and "Andrea del Sarto" by the "Red Cotton Nightcap Country." Men who have gained power do not seem to let it only slip away involuntarily; they appear to manifest a kind of determination to do their best toward its utter demolition; and it generally is not their fault if they do not succeed. Once successful—and it seems to matter little with what sincerity they have pursued success, or with what high motives they have associated it—once successful, and a certain narrowness seems to replace at once their former breadth and foresight, and large, truth-seeking spirit; they become, in their turn, what is falsely called conservative—that is, they oppose themselves to further progress than they have made themselves; and forthwith they in their turn fall, to make room for others.

It is interesting to apply the lessons that the past gives us on this subject to the ruling nations, classes, and men of the present. It suggests some most singular queries—which we can put—some of them, at least—but which no man can answer.

One of them is already almost a hackneyed question—the political problem with regard to our own nation. Carlyle has asked it, and De Tocqueville has asked it, and great numbers of very discontented Englishmen are asking it daily. Have we Americans reached that zenith of power where this fatal passion for self-destruction seems to begin? Are we

really already "rotten with our own prosperity?" Has the era of corruption and luxury set in with us? Are we about to fall to pieces through that fatal lack of precaution, and thought, and firmness, that comes with the growth of power? It is a question for the political oracles; we are ourselves of that optimistic class from which such dangers remain longest concealed.

But, in the intellectual world, there is a question of similar purport that has given us something more to think about of late than this political theme dear to the hearts of editors and orators.

Is there not, away in the future, of course, some faint gleam of a similar danger threatening the great leaders of thought of to-day—the men of science?—the very men to whom we look for the greatest breadth and the keenest foresight in the use of their well-earned powers? Is there no danger that they may be bitten by this suicidal mania?

Every time that we see a really great leader diverge from pure truth-seeking to become special-pleader to a hobby, or to indulge a love for controversy that is a very fatal symptom, this thought comes back to us. The question has presumption in it, perhaps, but it is an excellent one to remember. The power of the truths the scientific leaders of to-day have taught us can never die, of course; but how is it with the teachers if they abandon the attitude of true science, which never dogmatizes, or requires a thing to be accepted on authority merely?

Hardly apparent as yet—a cloud no greater than a man's hand—there is a tendency perceptible, it seems to us, toward the formation of a kind of hierarchy of science—a disposition to speak to us *ex cathedra*; a tendency that no men should more combat than the real truth-seekers; a system that, if it once obtains, will recall the old errors of the theologians, and end like them if not restrained.

The true followers of science see this, and lament it. But there still remains a question here also for the oracle, and one the solution of which true scientific men will do well to forestall. There is an old story about a mirror which reflected the sun so long and successfully that it imagined it was itself the source of light, and deceived various people into the same belief. And so, finally, it turned away from the sun and tried to shine of itself; and it was never considered a good mirror again.

With regard to the men who turn from pure science to illuminate the world with a theory that has passed into a hobby—*hæc fabula docet*.

—How large an influence art has on politics! The French President, MacMahon, has given the emphatic testimony which, the lawyers tell us, comes from an unwilling witness. The "Septennate" has shuddered from fear of a photograph. The mere like-

ness of a comely youth, whose name happens to be Napoleon, has set prefects in nervous motion, and aroused the traditionally keen scent of the French police. The imperialists, it appears, recognizing the power of the alliance of art with politics, had an innumerable quantity of photographs of the prince imperial struck off, and busily distributed them through the country gratis. The alarmed government had as many seized as could be found, and sternly forbade their further distribution, but not before two million of them had had their effect in electing an imperialist deputy from the department of the Calvados.

Pictorial politics, indeed, if we may trust to the relics of Pompeii, and even the rude frescoes found in Egypt, are by no means a modern affair. The appeal to admiration by a flattering likeness, or to ridicule by caricature, would seem to have been employed as early as art and politics existed together in the same states. Comeliness of person has probably ere now elected Roman consuls and American members of Congress; while the sense of the ludicrous, catching some physical trait supposed to betray character, has no doubt doomed many a candidate to defeat. Were portraits of Caesar, and caricatures of him, distributed on the eve of his election as consul? That his features were represented on banners and coins, in marble and bronze, we have ample evidence; and it is not unreasonable to suppose that they were exhibited, with as imposing portraits and in caricature, to the perplexed *comitia* which had the choosing of him. In more modern times, pictorial politics have been a distinct branch of the artistic profession. Especially is this true of caricature; though, in our own country, at every presidential election, the people are surprised by the extraordinary beauty of the candidates for their favor, as indicated by the newspaper portraits and cheap colored prints. In both France and England this species of electioneering dates more than a century back. The caricaturist, indeed, especially in England, seems—with all due respect be it said—to have succeeded, in one respect at least, to the court-fool of the remoter time. This was in the immunity he enjoyed in telling, by illustration, plain truths, and in being personal without fear of consequences. As far back as Queen Anne's time, the caricaturists were at work aiding this or that party with their deft pencils, and arousing popular applause of, or indignation against, public characters by conferring on them symbolic beauties or deformities of person. Under the Georges, these artists ran riot unrestrained among not only nobles and bishops and haughty court dames, but among the royal family itself. It is noteworthy that, at a period when the British crown was more overbearing than at any time since the Stuarts—the early part of the third George's reign—the pencil of Gillray reached the climax of audacity in caricature. The king

himself was represented—now as a booby farmer, now as a fat washer-woman, and always as a ridiculous figure. His mother, the Princess of Wales, was depicted receiving a bribe from the King of Spain; Burke appears, sometimes as a Jesuit, sometimes as a policeman, sometimes as a "withered crone;" Pitt was transformed into Bacchus, in allusion to his notorious fondness for port; while the artist's ridicule of Fox and North seemed inexhaustible in its inventions; even Handel, the composer, did not escape his satire, but was presented as a bewigged pig, and dubbed "the charming brute." While Junius—or, rather, Woodfall, his publisher—was pursued with relentless rigor by the government, Gillray plied his pencil in peace. In France, caricature, as well as pictorial flattery, has long been a political device by no means to be despised; and, although the first Napoleon would no more have permitted the distribution of flattered likenesses of Louis de Provence than does MacMahon those of his great-nephew, he was tolerant of the pictorial squibs which represented himself in ridiculous presentment. Sir Walter Scott, when, soon after Napoleon's abdication, he was visiting Paris, stopped into a print-shop on the Rue de Rivoli to ask the price of a picture of Louis XVIII. which was displayed in the window. The old woman who was tending at the counter smiled, drew a locket from her bosom and opened it, and showed Sir Walter a picture of Napoleon in his gray coat and cocked-hat; she kissed it, and, putting it back again, said that the lowest price of the portrait of the restored Bourbon was "un Napoleon." It is hard to say what an influence on French politics the custom of enshrining the portrait of Louis XVI. in erape, in the old châteaux, has had. Every loyal legitimist prides himself on faithfully observing this ceremony on the anniversary of Louis's "martyrdom;" and who can tell how much inspiration to obstinate self-exile from politics the legitimist *noblesse* have derived from these royal portraits, hung in the honored place over the ancestral hearth-stones? Pictures of the old Napoleon are to be found in almost every peasant's hut throughout the land; not only pictures, but plaster-busts and candy-figures, embroidered heads, and heads painted on cups and platters.

In our own country, we have seen the powerful influence of portraits, and no less of caricature, though the latter art has been late in maturing with us. It is a way of conveying an apprehension of character which the simplest may understand at a glance; a story is told to the eye which it would take hours to retail to the ear; it awakens curiosity, and calls in the help of amusement to exalt a cause and defeat a candidate. No wonder, then, that so small a thing as a prince's photograph has agitated the official composure of Versailles.

— The indiscriminate and reckless destruction of forests in this country, and its effect upon our climate and future welfare in various respects, have been before commented upon in these columns. We confess to being somewhat alarmed at the fact insisted upon by the most experienced lumbermen in Canada and the United States, that, at the present rate of consumption, the supply of large timber east of the Rocky Mountains will be practically exhausted within the next twenty years. The mere thought that, at the end of that number of years, such is the destruction of "old growth," there will be no place where one may truly and conveniently say,

"This is the forest primeval,"

shocks our æsthetic sense and national pride. But sentimental objections have little weight in these days of lumber-rafts and steam-saws; and, whatever effect it may have upon the solitary chopper, the song of "Woodman, spare that Tree," will never influence the contractor. His career can only be checked by legislation, which, in turn, must be evoked by considerations appealing directly to men's comfort and welfare.

If all the woods which are disappearing so rapidly from year to year were converted into timber and used, the case would not be so bad as it actually is. Owing, however, to the carelessness of the lumbermen, and the lack of any controlling oversight on the part of the State, not only is the younger growth wantonly injured in the process of felling selected trees, but large fires, occasioned by the dry limbs and brush left by the choppers, burn down annually three times as many million feet of timber as are actually brought to market.

The report of Mr. H. T. Winsor to the State Department on the forests and forest-culture of Thuringia, published in the United States Report on Commercial Relations for the year ending September 30, 1873, presents clearly some very striking effects of deforestation. In this report are contained a summary of Thuringian forest-laws; a statement of facts in reference to the relation of forests to the fertility of the soil, to climate, and the rainfall; and a compilation of recent observations made by Professor Ebermayer. The contents of this report are, it seems to us, of immediate interest to the people of this country, and convey a warning which should not be allowed to pass unheeded.

It is shown by long-continued observations that one of the effects of denuding the districts in which are the springs and headwaters of rivers, brings about a gradual decrease in their depth, and the cases of the Rhine, the Elbe, and the Oder, are cited. The same causes which brought about a diminution of ten feet in fifty years in the depth of the Elbe at one point, are also having a similar effect on the Ohio, Hudson, and other navigable rivers, in our own country. The

decrease in the fertility and productiveness of the soil on the steppes of the Volga and the Don, in Sicily, Sardinia, Greece, Persia, Palestine, portions of Spain, Southern France, and Hungary, which has followed deforestation, has a perfect parallel in the barrenness of the hill-pastures of New Hampshire and other parts of New England.

The observations made by Professor Ebermayer on the relative humidity and temperature of wooded and unwooded lands explain, in a great measure, some of the more marked influences which forests exert upon climate. He has shown that the average annual temperature of the atmosphere in the woods is below that of similarly-situated unwooded areas, and that the evaporation from the soil in open land is twice or thrice as rapid as in the forests. By the cutting off of the woods, therefore, not only are small streams and rivers diminished in their volume, but adjacent lands are robbed of the water-supply necessary to successful cultivation, and disastrous droughts are occasioned. By breaking the force of the winds which sweep across the open country, taking away with them the moisture of arable lands, forests render an important service to the farmer.

There are many other points of interest, especially in regard to schools of forestry, in the report of Mr. Winsor, which we cannot hope will meet at present with the notice which they deserve. The time, however, is fast approaching when public attention will be by necessity forced to direct itself to these matters, and, when that time does arrive, it will probably be too late to repair speedily the damage that is now being done.

— The question what practical or scientific use can be made of aërostation, or, more plainly, ballooning, has been revived into excited discussion by the recent terrible adventure of M. Duruof and his wife in the German Ocean. The main doubt is, whether aërial navigation is, or ever can be made, safe; and the fact that one-half of the skilled aëronauts, since poor Pilâtre de Rosier, have met their deaths by balloon accidents, would seem to decide this, as far as the science of ballooning has been carried down to the present time, in the negative.

No modern contrivances, moreover, seem to have rendered the ventures among the clouds less dangerous; indeed, it is the evident danger to which the aëronaut of to-day exposes himself which attracts curious crowds to witness his ascents and devious courses in the upper air. Nobody thinks of the passage of a train of cars as a sight worth collecting together for and exclaiming over; and ballooning must reach the stage of safety which makes the scientific wonder commonplace, before it can take a position among the traveling agencies of the world.

Experiments at Woolwich Arsenal, moreover, would seem to show that, despite the

experience of the siege of Paris, ballooning cannot as yet be expected to play a very valuable part in warlike operations. Two things prevent its efficacy in this respect. No aërostatic machine has yet been constructed over which the aeronaut can acquire that complete mastery which an engineer has over the steam-engine. Even in a calm atmosphere, the voyager's destination and fate always hang in doubt.

Thus, a balloon, observing a hostile army, is liable at almost any time to carry its occupants, despite every effort, into the midst of the enemy's camp.

The constantly-increasing range of fire-arms is relegating the balloon to a remoter air, whence it becomes more and more difficult to gather valuable facts by observation from it. It is true that balloons were of some service in the Paris siege, in carrying dignitaries like Gambetta out of the beleaguered city to raise new armies for slaughter on the Loire, and to convey letters back and forth; but, while the French derived these advantages, the Germans utterly failed to find any profit in ballooning at all.

One use of balloons, however, which may become of no little importance, has been pointed out by a scientific Frenchman. This is for aerial observations of channel and sea depths. M. Durouf, during his perilous journey, observed that the waters of the German Ocean beneath him appeared, from his height, to be very clear, and he could plainly discern that "its varying depths were distinctly marked by different shades of color." This discovery, if confirmed by further experience, will be most timely in aiding the already developed plans for tunneling the British Channel between Dover and Calais; for thereby examinations from the air may be made, as whether the bottom of Dover Straits is capable of being bored, and of making a secure tunnel for the passage of railway-trains.

— Is it or is it not for the interest of writers of romance to have the reading-public convinced that truth is stranger than fiction? As a justification of their seeming vagaries and exaggerations, perhaps it is; but as its ultimate tendency would be to spoil the market for fiction, and create an exclusive demand for strange fact, perhaps it is not. Such a consummation would compel all the writers who have been earning their bread by spinning yarns out of their inner consciousness to turn themselves into amateur vagabonds and casuals, etc., to prowl around after abnormal and hideous facts. They would be besieging their political friends to get them places on the police force; they would be candidates for coroner; they would open private morgues and lunatic-asylums; they would go out to service as waitresses and chamber-maids, carrying tablets in their pockets; they would make believe bankrupt to study the effect on their friends, and note down the facts; they would

get places as captains of steamboats, landlords of hotels, and pastors of churches, for the sole purpose of viewing life at some unusual advantage or society in some special phase, and thus put themselves in training for startling achievements in the line of truth.

These remarks have been suggested by several incidents that have lately come to our knowledge, which we know to be true, and which would be confidently pronounced mere exaggeration and caricature if set forth in a novel.

A boy recently called at the door of a most respectable lady in this city, in comfortable circumstances, with a package, on which there was a charge of four dollars and ninety-nine cents. The lady produced a five-dollar bill, but the boy did not have the cent for change. She then sent a messenger with the bill to the top story of the house to get it changed, but unsuccessfully. She then sent to the end of the house, still unsuccessfully. Finally, she called her husband, and bade him put on his hat and go out and get the bill changed, which he did.

There are some old people living in the interior of New Jersey—two sisters and a brother—who practise an economy not recorded of any of the famous misers. They have a comfortable house, and are especially rich in bedclothes, made by the hands of the sisters, and accumulated through many years. But they habitually sit up and sleep in their chairs, so as not to wear out the bed ding.

A rich man of more than ordinary intelligence, who had made his fortune by life-long industry, had contracted withal a habit of haggling at prices. He met with some losses, and determined upon suicide. Going to buy the pistol, with which an hour later he ended his life, he made a determined effort to "beat down" its price; and probably the last sensation that passed through his brain before it was scattered by the bullet, was a pang that he had obtained no discount on the instrument of destruction!

Literary.

MESSRS. D. APPLETON & CO. have just published a book which is almost as extraordinary a contribution to the literature of history as Professor Holmes's book was to the Shakespeare-Bacon problem.

Mr. Aaron Goodrich, sometime our secretary of legation in Brussels, and well known as a traveler and special student, proposes to do away with another of the myths of history, and, to put it in the briefest form, to disprove Columbus.

The title of the book is in itself aggressive—"A History of the Character and Achievements of the so-called Christopher Columbus"—for one of Mr. Goodrich's first points is that the discoverer (the so-called discoverer) had no right to the name by which he has come down to us.

"In giving the present work to the public," says Mr. Goodrich in his preface, "in sending it forth a single champion against a host of opponents, many of whom are the flower of literary chivalry, the author is aware that its reception will not be altogether a

friendly one; he has, however, devoted several years of thought and study to the subject which is now imperfectly treated, and the deeper he has dived into the secrets of unpublished or forgotten history, the more firm have become his convictions that some proclamation of the truth should be made—some protest entered against the further propagation of a falsehood under the name of history.

"If, in his attempt to do this, he should appear too solely to attach himself to one side of the case, too severely to censure, and to dwell too particularly on the errors and crimes of his hero, on the partiality and inaccuracy of historians, let it be remembered that for three centuries only one side of the case has been presented, the one laudatory of Columbus; that, during all that time, nothing has been left unwritten which could excite the enthusiasm and admiration of the reader in his behalf: histories have hitherto been written solely to praise him; the writer appears, therefore, as the self-constituted counsel for the opposite side, the vindicator, however inadequate, of the truth of history; he would show the injustice which has been done to worthy men who lived when Columbus lived, whom the latter and his advocates ruthlessly assailed, and would prove that what has hitherto been termed the history of a great man is but a gilded lie, a whitened sepulchre, fair without, but within full of rottenness and dead men's bones.

"In this attempt he departs widely from the plan of any former history of the discovery of America; he treats some subjects which at the first blush appear irrelevant, or at any rate far-fetched, in their association with the inscription on the title-page; yet he feels assured that upon reflection the reader will find no subject broached which has not a direct bearing on the statements contained in the life of Columbus, the facts revealed, or the theory which is inevitably deduced from these facts."

And, beginning thus by the announcement of his purpose, he goes on to speak of the motives that have actuated him in carrying it out; and from this passage a glimpse at the contents of his book may be gained:

"The present is surrounded as with an atmosphere by its great thoughts and achievements, while in the past these are only represented by isolated results or obscure traditions; what wonder, then, that the men of the present should regard the times in which they live, the age in which their race attains its perfect manhood, as teeming with more thought and brain, throwing greater light, and nearer grasping perfection, than those gone by, each of which in its turn looked with like self-gratulation on its own attainments, and with like misconception and injustice on those of its predecessors?"

"It is with a conviction of this great fact, with a belief that there is no new thing under the sun, that races and nations rise inevitably in turn, and in turn as inevitably fall, that the writer, while endeavoring to sink the so-called Christopher Columbus to his just level in the estimation of posterity, and raise to theirs those of his contemporaries whose fame was sacrificed to create the fictitious glory with which he has been endowed, also endeavors to rehabilitate the memory of past generations, whose achievements have been ignored or denied for the especial aggrandizement of modern times. Hence the chapters on the 'Ancients and the Northmen.' The writer may, therefore, ascribe a twofold object to his work: 1. To place in its true light the character of a man the importance of whose connection with

the history of America has been magnified; in whom have been incorporated, at the sacrifice of justice and truth, the thoughts, deeds, and glory, which belong in far greater measure to his contemporaries. 2. To enter a protest, however feeble, against the spirit of the age, which would incorporate in modern times all the greatness of past ages, and arrogates to itself the honor of inventing or discovering sciences and arts which had been carried to as great perfection as human intelligence will permit, before the so-called history of the world began.

"With this twofold object in view, seeking ever the guidance of justice and truth, the author has written the present work. Its success or failure cannot alter his convictions that the cause he has espoused is a righteous one, and that it is worthy a far abler pen than his, not only to rehabilitate those who have been unjustly condemned, but also to cast down idols which have become the objects of base and ignoble, because blind and unthinking, worship."

Any résumé of the course of Mr. Goodrich's argument which we could give here, would of necessity do it injustice. But it is no unworthy plea of the kind that it is a waste of time to consider. Whatever else may come of it, a conviction of Mr. Goodrich's scholarship and sincerity must follow any reading of the book.

"Most people," says the *Saturday Review*, "think they can write, if they only choose to try; and almost all think they can write a novel with very little more trouble than they would tell a story or write a letter. But a good novel is just as difficult an achievement as any other work of art, even those which necessitate more technical skill and a longer manual apprenticeship; and perhaps more qualities go to form a good novel-writer than are required for even a sculptor or a painter. Primarily he must have something to say—some form of human life to illustrate, some tragedy to embody, whether of hindering law, of crossing circumstance, of tyrannous passion, or of fateful sorrow; or he must have a keen sense of humor to be able to see the folly of humanity like Swift, or the meannesses of society like Thackeray; or he must be a philosopher like George Eliot, or a poet like George Sand; but in any case he must see what he depicts clearly, truly, and deeply. Then he must have technical skill as well as perception. A novel where the plot is weak or the characters are unlikely, the circumstances strained or the dialogue unnatural, or even where the style is generally uncouth, is a novel that has failed, however good its intention, and however clear the perceptions of the author. Form and spirit must be equally without fault to make a sufficient or an admirable whole."

The Messrs. Putnam have republished in this country Dorothy Wordsworth's "Recollections of a Tour in the Highlands," undertaken in company with her brother in 1890. The book proved so fully worthy of the associations and expectations called up by its title, that on its publication in England it made a sudden stir in the literary world almost equal to what would have been produced by the discovery of some hitherto unknown work of the poet's own. So much has it been talked of, indeed, and so strongly has the mark of approval been set on it by all classes of readers, that to review its simple beauties in detail is no longer necessary. We give a hearty welcome to the American republication.

Mr. Bullen, of the British Museum, has called the *Athenæum's* attention to an early notice of Shakespeare, which the *Athenæum* believes to have escaped observation hitherto, and which is likely to be of some importance in the discussion of the Shakespeare-Bacon problem. The passage occurs in the address "To the Reader" in the following publication: "An excellent Comedy, called the Prince of Priggs reveals; or, the Practices of that grand Thief Captain James Hind, relating divers of his pranks and exploits, never heretofore published by any. Repleat with various conceits and Taritonian mirth, suitable to the subject. Written by J. S. London, Printed for G. Horton, 1651." 4to. "As the address 'To the Reader' is short," says the *Athenæum*, "it will be best to give it entire: 'It was Plato's conceit, that if Virtue had a body so that all the beauty and lustre of its several ornaments could be seen, all men would be in love with it. By the same rule, were Vice drawn, and all the parts and limbs of it set before us in its height of Deformity, that with one-glance of the Eye we might discover all the ugliness of it, we should fly from it with winged haste. The true and primary intent of the Tragedians and Comedians of old, was to magnify Virtue, and to depress Vice; And you may observe throughout the Works of incomparable Johnson, excellent Shakespeare, and elegant Fletcher, &c., they (however vituperated by some straight-laced brethren not capable of their sublimity) aim at no other end: My drift is the same in the composure of this Comedy; Pamphlets no Critick can more condemn than myself; however, it may please thousands of the vulgar (for whose sakes I am purposely plain and spongy) something there is here that will inform the wiser sort. Such things as these are less than least of my Recreations. Vale.'"

According to the London *Academy*, the following are among the most noteworthy of recent additions to the manuscripts in the British Museum: The autograph will, dated May 27, 1766, of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, and a series of letters of Rousseau, David Hume, R. Davenport, L. Dutens, and others, connected with the residence of Rousseau in England, and his quarrel with Hume. Letter-book of Silvester Jenks, of Albington, County Salop, partly relating to proceedings of the English Catholic Chapter, 1708-1707. A parchment roll, being the Receiver's Account of the Duchess of Buckingham, 1474. Letters of Henry VIII. to Sir Nicholas Carewe, ambassador at Vienna (1530), and other state-papers to 1734. Some original letters of Camden, J. Donne, Lady Raleigh, etc.

An original and striking idea is to be embodied in a work which will shortly be issued by Messrs. Henry S. King & Co., from the pen of Mr. H. Carwen, in which the main idea has been to select the most typical examples of literary struggles in the chief countries of the world. The writers treated of are: Novallas, as representing Germany; Henri Murger and André Chénier, France; Edgar Allan Poe, America; Alexander Petöfi, Hungary; Chatterton, England; and Tannahill, Scotland.

It is another blow to the faith of those Americans who are accustomed to believe in the infallibility of the English reviews, to find the *Examiner* speaking of "Mrs. Browning's verminicidal apocryph, the Pied Piper of Hamelin." Robert Browning owes much to his wife, but not this, so far, at least, as the world knows.

Fine Arts.

THE Montpensier Collection of pictures, of whose history we gave an account in a recent number of the *JOURNAL*, has now been open to the public since the 22d of September. The crowds of people who flock to see it attest the interest the public feels in an exhibition the first of its kind that an American public has had the opportunity to view in the United States, and we fear that the first impression received is one of disappointment to persons who are not familiar with the general character of the exhibitions in Europe; but this impres-

sion we believe to be unjust. People who have not visited Europe often imagine that the galleries of the Louvre and of the Pitti Palace, the Vatican, and the National Gallery at London, are solid collections of gems in the way of art—a fancy of which, unfortunately for human perfection, it takes but half an hour of actual seeing to disabuse them. To any person who has examined the thousands of paintings on the walls of the multitude of halls in the Louvre, the Montpensier Collection seems very small with its sixty canvases, but yet we are sure that among these sixty there are more than the usual proportion of really fine works, and that these good paintings are much more than ordinarily well preserved and fresh in color. In the famous European galleries the great pictures can almost be counted on the fingers of the two hands, and, if there are two or three masterpieces in the Montpensier Gallery, the proportion they bear to the rest is quite as great. To a person familiar with the greenish-blackened backgrounds of the "Virgin and Child," in the two great Murillos at the Louvre and the National Gallery, the golden light and transparency of the painting of the "Virgin of the Swathing Band," by the same artist in the Montpensier Gallery, will be especially grateful. This picture is not one of Murillo's largest, but it seems to us to possess in the fullest degree all the strong points of excellence that are seen in his religious paintings. For reality and brilliant execution, without doubt his peasant-pictures are his most successful works; but so many elements of composition, character, light and shade, and contrasted color, enter into his religious works, that the peasant-pictures no more compare with them in the intellectual power shown and required in their production than a simple lyric poem does with a great drama. Murillo generally, we are not sure but always, uses the same model for his Madonna, and her face may be found as surely in his works as Raphael's or Perugino's type-woman; Titian's "Bella" as a Venus, a Madonna, or a high dame; or Paris Bordoue's pink-and-white-faced woman, with the crinkled, golden hair; every artist nearly has his favorite type, and, when you have seen one well-wrought specimen, you have got the idea of all. The Child appears to us in the picture in Boston to be particularly fine; the fresh, unchanged color tells to especial advantage on his sweet pink flesh, in the plump pink knees, and the rosy limbs and feet. Murillo's angels, too, are always lovely, and a group of three or four of them plunged into a golden atmosphere are among the most charming that we can anywhere recall, embodying all the attractive attributes of this phase of the great Spanish master.

Next to this Madonna by Murillo in value, the "Portrait," by Velasquez, seems to us the most satisfactory painting in the exhibition. More than any pictures of that period, the likenesses by Velasquez seem to us truthful and individual in character. The strong points of expression, indeed, are emphasized occasionally to the borders of caricature, and the variations of long noses and cheeks of Spanish nobles are as marked as the peculiarities in their eyes, their eyebrows, or the shapes of their ears. This "Portrait" is only of the head, and one fails in consequence to see Velasquez's splendid treatment of velvet doublets, slashed damasks, or the stately bearing of Spanish dons; but all there is of the picture is a thorough example of Velasquez, an excellent study for persons unacquainted with his works, and a delightful reminder to those who know him well.

"Cato of Utica, tearing out his Entrails," is a thoroughly representative example of Spagnoletto. This artist is among the coarsest painters of his school. He always, we believe, uses the strongest light and shade, and the strained and angular muscles of his subjects portray the most violent emotions. Historically, his pictures are valuable as specimens of a phase of the artistic development of the period in which he lived; but he, as well as Caravaggio, his master, has degraded a high artistic technique to its lowest uses, and, with a masterly touch and great knowledge of the methods of painting, every trace of an æsthetic feeling or conception of his models or composition appears wanting. The subject of this picture is most repulsive, but it is not so much its disgusting details as the violence of feeling and action exhibited usually in this artist's works, and their lack of serenity and composure, that puts this picture, in common with his others, on a very low plane of artistic worth.

Four paintings by Zurbaran serve to recall multitudes of the same class throughout Europe. They are large; they are showy—the dark colors have darkened still further, and all the lights have faded into a uniform yellow-white hue. The dresses are far above the average, but the figures are stiff and the faces wooden. Many of the great masters are weak in nearly all points, but truth of feeling for Nature and deep sentiment in one or two phases redeem their work, and make lifeless figures and chalky faces instinct with a vitality and power that blackened varnish and fading colors cannot destroy; but, where this finest touch is left out, it is only the methods of using paint, the general floating ideas of the period regarding composition, and the general aim of the painter, which lend interest. The exquisite feeling for temperament in the hands alone in the men and women of Francia gives a subtle vitality to his textureless figure, as deep and mysterious as the life disclosed in a flower or the unfolding soul in the face of a child; an inspiration that makes one painter great, and the world of another an empty shell.

So far as our examination went, the other pictures, by Salvator Rosa, Annibale, Caracci, and others, serve to recall the characteristic peculiarities of the painters, but in an imperfect degree, and one could hardly gather a just impression of their real value from these sketches and half-finished paintings. To be sure, it is often so, and the visitor to the Holland or Belgian galleries alone would get as crude a notion of Titian, Raphael, or Leonardo da Vinci, as the student of art at the Boston Athenæum could receive from some of the paintings in this Spanish collection.*

On the whole, this exhibition is an immense advantage to us, and an incalculable gain from not having it at all. And now, if only the priests of San Pietro, at Perugia, could consent to lend us from their dark corner the little painting, done in Raphael's early days, of "Jesus and the Little John," one of his most precious works, or, from their dusky niches in the side-chapels of many a church and monastery, a few paintings could be gathered together and lent us for a while, the stray fringes the sacristan is glad to receive from chance visitors might be greatly multiplied for the churches, or, much better, the poor of Italy, and one of the greatest intellectual longings of America, be at least partially satisfied.

* The perfume of Europe hangs round this gallery, and in losing himself in the contemplation of the Muddio, the Velasquez, and of some of the others, one forgets for the time being that he is not in Florence.

Music and the Drama.

THE commencement of the Italian opera marks the real beginning of the amusement season. Mr. Strakosch has organized his campaign with that care and completeness which are wont to characterize his operations in music, and if we miss one or two consummate artists who delighted us last year, the *ensemble* of the new company is perhaps quite as good. Mr. Strakosch is one of the few *impressarii* who have strictly redeemed their promises. Last year he pledged himself to give us a better chorus and orchestra than we had been accustomed to for years, as well as several new operas ("Aida" and "Lohengrin" in Italian). The trust was fulfilled, and so we can safely assume that all of this gentleman's promises for the present season will be strictly carried out.

The leading name of interest in the present organization is that of Mdle. Emma Albani, a young lady who has recently shot up to a sudden and dazzling preëminence in London, which threatens that of Nilsson and Patti as leading favorites. Mdle. Albani, as is well known, is American. She studied under Duprez and Lamperti, and has risen to the rank of one of the first three or four operatic sopranos of the world within the last two years. The critics of London and St. Petersburg, two cities which may be pronounced the most highly cultivated of all great operatic centres, do not hesitate to ascribe to her an excellence the recognition of which has been for her rivals a work of much longer time and labor.

This prima donna is said to be a lady of remarkable beauty, a factor of great value on the stage, and her voice, school, and dramatic style, are unquestionably such as will make her worthy to follow close in the footsteps of Nilsson in popular admiration as well as in time. Mdle. Albani's name has hitherto been mostly associated with the lighter operatic rôles, but the foreign critics profess to see in her the dawning greatness of a leading dramatic soprano.

Next in importance may be placed the name of Signora Vittoria Potentini, a lady whose reputation hitherto has mostly been confined to the theatres of Southern Europe. Signora Potentini belongs to the dramatic school of singers, a class which, though of prime value and importance, has been on the decadence within the last fifteen years. Many genuinely great works have been shelved on account of the difficulty of finding representatives for their principal rôles. The engagement of Potentini, it is claimed, will enable the Messrs. Strakosch to bring out from the dust several works of great beauty, as well as to present some new ones, which would otherwise have to be omitted for want of an adequate interpreter. Mme. Potentini has given us a taste of her quality, and, on the whole, it may be said she has proved a very satisfactory artist. Her voice has unusual evenness and beauty throughout its entire range; and, though entitled to be classed as a high soprano, her lower and middle registers have much of the solidity and richness of tone characteristic of the *mezzo* voice. Her performance of "Aida," the music of which is exceptionally difficult, was delightfully true and pure. In the immensely-trying work of the third act, in which Torriani fell so far short last year, Potentini, in both vocal and dramatic execution, proved herself amply competent. It is quite safe to prophesy that one who has shown such ability

in a very trying rôle like that of *Aida* will prove a most satisfactory acquisition to our lyric stage. This lady may not set the public raving over her greatness, but she will always thoroughly satisfy the musician and connoisseur, if she does as thoroughly good work as that which marked her *début*.

Mdle. Heilbron, who is also a new-comer, has left a pleasant impression. Her bow to the American public in the "Traviata" was quite an auspicious opening, though the opera is now worn almost to rags. This singer, if we mistake not, was brought out in Paris by M. Maurice Strakosch, at the Italiens, and made a strong impression on the French public. With a graceful and attractive person, Mdle. Heilbron has a light, flexible voice, of the French school, both in *timbre* and training. This young artist, however, uses her vocal material with admirable judgment. Her singing lacks richness of coloring, but it is characterized by a certain silvery sweetness and correctness which will always cause a genuine pleasure. There is no attempt to do more than Nature designed, and this modesty betokens growth and reserve strength. It is not only the thing which is done, but which is left undone, that sometimes is eloquent. Mdle. Heilbron, in the vocalization of the music of both "Traviata" and "Faust," sang with a fidelity to the score—a simple and honorable allegiance to her composer's purpose—which is worthy of the highest commendation. Her dramatic instincts are not of such energy as to protrude themselves especially on critical notice; but this is an event which may be due to youth and inexperience as much as to Nature. The examples of dramatic power on the lyric stage, which have not developed themselves till long after the blush and heyday of youth, are not few or far between. It is only a few of the supremely gifted, who have united affluence and beauty of voice and noble dramatic energies, that assert themselves dominantly with the rosy brightness and freshness of youth. Mdle. Heilbron has unquestionably made herself many friends already during her few appearances, and she may reasonably expect to strengthen her hold on the public interest.

Mdle. Donadio made a very successful *début*, also, at the Italiens, in Paris, and has been recognized as an artist of decided promise. At the time of this writing it is not practicable to speak of her powers from actual knowledge. Mdle. Marese, the other soprano of the company, made an agreeable impression last year by her performances in "Lucrezia Borgia" and "The Huguenots," and will appear during the present season in several new rôles. With fine prima-donna *soprani*, the company is remarkably well equipped for successful and satisfactory work, fully up to the mark of the best we have heard in the past.

When it was known that Campanini would not sing in America for the coming season, there was much speculation as to how his place could be filled. Such a voice, taken for all in all, had not been heard in America for many years. Such a rare singing-bird (*rara avis*, indeed) could not be easily replaced when he had taken his flight.

The query has been answered very satisfactorily in the engagement of Signor Carlo Carpi, a *tenore robusto* of the pure Italian school of vocalization, and unusually fine dramatic talents. Managerial enthusiasm is not always trustworthy in such matters, but this time it has not shot far over the mark. Signor Carpi, during his first week, sang *Radames*, in "Aida," and the title rôle in "Faust." In both of these he approved himself a highly-

gifted singer and a strong dramatic artist. His voice is singularly pure and even throughout its whole range, and the fact that he sang such music as that of "Faust" without once departing from a pure, perfect chest-tone is sufficiently eloquent. His *mezzo voce* lacks that liquid thrill and sweetness which marked the voice of Campanini; and in the high notes we do not find the ring of the last year's tenor's voice—the splendid *sforzando* effects with which he would electrify the audience. But, in lieu of these, we have an even, healthy purity of tone up to the very top notes, with an absolute control of his resources, in which Campanini sometimes failed, and none of that "throatiness" of tone that sometimes disfigured some of the most effective passages of the latter artist. M. Strakosch is to be congratulated on securing so excellent and finished a singer.

Of Benfratille and Debassini we can say but little, except that their voices will very well fit the lighter tenor rôles, and they bring with them the record of being careful and able artists. Later in the season it will be time enough to speak in somewhat more detail as to their merits.

Of the remaining members of the company, Dei Puente and Scolaro are already well and favorably known to the American opera-going public. Signor Tagliapietra, baritone, and Signor Fiorini, basso, are old favorites on the foreign lyric stage, and may be presumed to be thoroughly competent. So far as Fiorini's merits are known in this country, he has shown himself the possessor of an even and well-balanced though by no means great voice, and an accomplished artist in his style of using it. He has the reputation of having one of the largest *repertoires* of any contemporary singer.

Weighing the general merits of the organization, we think it may be pronounced one of more than usual excellence, and fully worthy of the liberal patronage of the public. The chorus and orchestra, under the accomplished *baton* of Signor Emmanuel Muzio, who, indeed, has the whole musical direction of the performances, are very satisfactory. Both of these have been strengthened from last year.

Among the new works promised are Verdi's "Messe de Requiem," Marchette's "Ruy Blas," Wagner's "Il Vase de Fantasma" ("Flying Dutchman"), Gounod's "Romeo e Giulietta," and Meyerbeer's "L'Etoile du Nord." These novelties, with a rich selection from familiar operas, will constitute the operative programme. Among the works to be done, which have not been heard for some time, are "Roberto," "Dinorah," and the "Prophète," from Meyerbeer; Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera," and Rossini's "Otello."

A change has gradually come over the method of dealing with French plays for the English and American stage. Until recently, the plan was to "adapt" (steal?) the original work, giving perhaps new names to the characters, and altering the play in some minor particulars. We may add that, under this system, the adapter has generally concealed the name of the original piece and the authors, that the exact extent of his plagiarism might not be discovered. The more modern plan is to present the play as a translation, in the hope that the original prestige of the play would help it in its new guise. Thus, the French author's right is respected, and frequent compensation secured. Whether the motive of the translator or manager be more honest or not, the practice is assuredly more decent and honorable. This precedent, which has now been set forth several times in New York and London within a few years, will be likely to put an end, in a great degree, to the wholesale piracy, which has raged for a long time, even with those capable of writing excellent original dramas.

The following old-English poem is said to have been the first English song ever set to music. It was written about the year 1300, and first discovered in one of the Harleian MSS., now in the British Museum:

"APPROACH OF SUMMER.

"Sumer is I-comen in,
Lhude sing cucu;
Groweth fed, and bloweth med,
And springeth the wde nu.
Sing cucu.
"Awe blეთ after lomb,
Lhouth after calve cu;
Balluc sterteth, bucke verteth.
Murle sing cucu;
Cucu, cucu;
Wel singes the cucu;
Ne swik thou nower nu.
Sing cucu nu,
Sing cucu."

The following is a literal modern prose version:
"Summer is coming. Loudly sing cuckoo! Groweth fed, and bloweth mead, and springeth the wood now. Ewe bleateth after lamb, loweth cow after calf; bullock starteth, buck verteth—i. e., barboresh among the ferns—merrily sing cuckoo! Well singest thou, cuckoo. Nor cease to sing now. Sing, cuckoo, now; sing, cuckoo!"

A young daughter of Mme. Jenny Van Zandt, who is engaged this year with the Kellogg English Opera Company, shows, it is said, most extraordinary musical talent, and has just been the recipient of a most flattering offer from Mr. Mapleson, of London. The English *impresario* offers to engage the young girl (now only fourteen years of age) for ten years. For the first three or four years she is to be placed under the charge of masters, on an allowance of four hundred pounds sterling a year. When she makes her *début*, she is to receive one thousand pounds per year, and so on to the end of the decade, each year adding a thousand pounds to the salary. Carl Rosa has also made an equally if not more favorable proposition.

The Duke of Meiningen has just founded a new gold medal for science and art. It is the same size and thickness as a Prussian thaler, and of very beautiful workmanship. On one side is the portrait of the duke in alto-relief, with the inscription in German: "George, Duke of Saxe-Meiningen;" and, on the other, a garland of oak-leaves, with the motto, "For Merit," running round it. The medal will be worn on a green ribbon. The first person to receive it has been Herr Ludwig Barnay, honorary member of the Court Theatre.

Long runs have certainly become established facts in Paris. Thus, a short time since, "Les Deux Orphelines" was given at the Théâtre du Châtelet for the two hundred and third time; "Mignon," at the Opéra Comique, for the three hundred and thirty-sixth; "Les Huguenots," at the Grand Opéra, for the five hundred and forty-first; "Orphée aux Enfers," at the Galté, for the seven hundred and eighty-second; and, finally, "Le Pied de Monton," at the Théâtre de la Porte St.-Martin, for the twelve hundred and tenth!

It is stated to us on good authority that Mr. Sims Reeves, the English tenor, who has just signed contracts to come to America next season for a series of concerts, is to receive one hundred and fifteen thousand dollars for one hundred nights, or eleven hundred and fifty dollars per night. This surpasses the prices paid to the great operatic *déists*.

Herr Franz Schott, the well-known music-publisher, who died last May in Milan, has bequeathed to that city, in houses and cash, about three hundred thousand florins. The interest from this sum is to be expended on a conservatory of music, the elementary communal schools, and the opera.

Mr. Andrew Halliday's play of "Richard Cœur de Lion" is in rehearsal at Drury Lane, with new and descriptive music, composed by Herr Meyerder, the music director of the theatre.

Signor Tito Mattel has returned to London from Milan. The copyright of his new opera, "Maria Li Gand," has been purchased for Italy, as well as for Germany, by Ricordi.

Science and Invention.

A CONTRIBUTOR to *Chambers's Journal* gives the following facts relating to the altitude at which men can live: "In July, 1872, he and Mr. Coxwell ascended in a balloon to the enormous height of 38,000 feet. Previous to the start, Mr. Glashier's pulse stood at 76 beats a minute, Coxwell's at 74. At 17,000 feet the pulse of the former was at 84, that of the latter at 100. At 19,000 feet Glashier's hands and lips were quite blue, but not his face. At 21,000 feet he heard his heart beating, and his breathing became oppressed; at 29,000 feet he became senseless, notwithstanding which, the aeronaut, in the interest of science, went up another 8,000 feet, till he could no longer use his hands, and had to pull the strings of the valve with his teeth. Aeronauts who have to make no exertions have, of course, a great advantage over members of the Alpine Club, and those who trust their legs; even at 13,000 feet these climbers feel very uncomfortable, more so in the Alps, it seems, than elsewhere. At the Monastery of St.-Bernard, 8,117 feet high, the monks become asthmatic, and are compelled frequently to descend into the Valley of the Rhone for any thing but a breath of fresh air; and, at the end of ten years' service, are obliged to give up their high living, and come down to their usual level. At the same time, in South America, there are towns, such as Potosi, placed as high as the top of Mont Blanc, the inhabitants of which feel no inconvenience. The highest inhabited spot in the world is, however, the Buddhist Cloister of Hanle, in Thibet, where twenty-one priests live at an altitude of 16,000 feet. The brothers Schlagintweit, when they explored the glaciers of the Ibi-Gamin in the same country, encamped at 21,000 feet, the highest altitude at which a European ever passed the night. Even at the top of Mont Blanc, Professor Tyndall's guides found it very unpleasant to do this, though the professor himself did not confess to feeling so bad as they. The highest mountain in the world is Mount Everest (Himalaya), 29,003 feet, and the condor has been seen 'winging the blue air' 500 feet higher. The air, by-the-by, is not 'blue,' or else, as De Saussure pointed out, 'the distant mountains which are covered with snow would appear blue also;' its apparent color being due to the reflection of light. What light can do, and does, is marvelous; and not the least is its power of attraction to humanity."

To the five recognized senses, Dr. Crum-Brown would add a sixth, to be known as the sense of rotation. The peculiar function of this sixth sense is to determine the axis about which the rotation of the head takes place, and the direction and rate of that rotation. The general course of experiment pursued by Dr. Crum-Brown may be thus briefly described: The individual upon whom the experiment is to be made is seated upon a stool placed upon a table which can be easily rotated on its vertical axis. When all is in readiness, the table is caused to revolve at a moderate speed. By this means it was found that, provided not more than one or two complete turns are made, the subject can form an approximately clear idea of the angle through which he has been turned. In explanation of this phenomenon, it is claimed that each canal of the ear has an ampulla or dilatation at the end only, so there is a physical difference between rotation with the ampulla first or with it last, only one of

these motions affecting the nerve termination. Furthermore, the professor states that, for complete perception of rotation in any direction, three pairs of canals are required, each pair having its two canals in the same place with their ampullae at opposite ends, and this is just what is found in all the animals he has examined, that have the exterior canal of one ear nearly in the same place as that in the other ear.

The adoption on our main-trunk railway-lines of the fish-joint for uniting the rails and the three-wheel car-truck, has so greatly added to the comfort of railway-travelers that we doubt not many of these have expressed the desire for better light at night. It is true that the sleeping-car is the refuge of the through-traveler who, however, is doubtless often compelled to turn-in before he is sleepy, simply because it is too dark to see without, and too dark to read within. This need of more light being recognized, and the smoothness of our roads and ease of the cars rendering reading an easy matter, we hail with satisfaction any improvement in car-lighting apparatus. To this order belong the Pintsch gas-lamps, which have recently stood a satisfactory trial upon one of the English railways. The main feature of this new light is that it is steady and easily regulated. As briefly described, the apparatus consists of a tinued iron reservoir carried beneath the car, and a second reservoir called the "regulator." Into the first of these the gas made from shale-oil is compressed to one-sixth of its volume. From this it passes into the regulator, where it is allowed to expand before proceeding to the lamps. Although shale-oil gas is that used in the trial, we doubt not that, by proper modifications of the appliance, street-gas could be made to serve the same purpose. It is true that the conveyance of gas compressed in cylinders is by no means a novel idea, and yet the fact that this method of illuminating cars is not generally adopted in America proves that there is need of some more efficient apparatus for regulating the flame, and the favorable results attained by the Pintsch lamps would seem to suggest its trial here.

In a paper on "The Effects of Ozone on the Animal Economy," read by Professor Redfern before the British Association at Belfast, were contained many facts of especial interest to sanitarians. As is usual in observations of this order, a series of experiments were undertaken with animals made to breathe oxygen mixed with ozone, or oxygen alone. The results of these experiments are given as follows: "That the respiration of oxygen with a two hundred and fortieth part of ozone for a very short time, say twenty seconds, is certainly fatal; that the same gas, when resolved again into oxygen, is comparatively harmless, even when respired for long periods; that the death from the ozone is not due to a closure of the glottis, but to a congestion of the lungs, with emphysema and distention of the right side of the heart with a fluid or coagulation of blood, frequently attended by convulsions; that, if the ozone be respired in a dilute form, animals become drowsy and die quietly from coma, the condition of the lungs being the same, except that the emphysema is less marked; also, that animals that have respired oxygen more than twelve hours will now and then die suddenly from the formation of coagula in the heart, even after they have been in good health for some days." As there is no record of any direct tests in which ozone and atmospheric air are combined in the usual

proportions, it is impossible to decide on the precise value or functions of this form of oxygen.

The *American Naturalist* publishes the following interesting anecdote of "robber-ants," communicated in a letter to the Smithsonian Institution, and published by permission of Professor Henry: "Once upon a time there dwelt in my yard a flourishing colony of the very smallest species of black ant. The servants about my cook-house had spilled a quantity of syrup, which ran through the floor. The little ants had found it, and seemingly the entire population were out and busy packing it away to their home. The microscope showed that they carried the syrup in their abdomens. But, before they had secured all the syrup, I observed that there was great excitement along their road. The larger, black, erratic ants had discovered them while carrying home the syrup, and were taking it away from them. It was really painful to observe the ruthless manner in which they slaughtered and robbed the helpless little ants of their distended sacks of sweetness. They grabbed up the heavily-burdened little fellows, doubled them, and, biting open the abdomen, drew out the full sack and seemed to swallow it; then, casting the lacerated carcass aside, they furiously sprang upon another of the panic-stricken crowd, and repeated the horrid operation. Millions of these heartless butchers were at work; and soon, on account of their wealth, that populous city was exterminated."

Observations regarding the rate of growth in man have determined the following interesting facts: The most rapid growth takes place immediately after birth, the growth of an infant during the first year of its existence being about eight inches. This ratio of increase gradually decreases until the age of three years is reached, at which time the size attained is half that which it is to become when full grown. After five years the succeeding increase is very regular till the sixteenth year, being at the rate for the average man of two inches a year. Beyond sixteen, the growth is feeble, being for the following two years about six-tenths of an inch a year; while from eighteen to twenty the increase in height is seldom over one inch. At the age of twenty-five the growth ceases, save in a few exceptional cases. It has furthermore been observed that, in the same race, the mean size is a little larger in cities than in the country, a fact that will be received with doubt by many who have come to regard the rustic as the true model man.

Sir John Lubbock, whose recent paper on the habits of ants and bees we reviewed at length several weeks since, has been chosen President of the British Bee-keepers' Association. This Association, though of recent origin, is said to be an active body, and one which will appreciate the services of its distinguished president. Referring to the late meetings of the Association, *Nature* states that the appliance known as "the American slinger" was received with marked favor. By the application of centrifugal force all the honey from the comb is driven out without injuring the comb itself. By this means the comb is preserved, and the bees have but to begin refilling it.

The question, "Why will a ball of solid iron float on a melted mass of the same metal?" reference to which was recently made in the *JOURNAL*, receives additional interest

from recent experiments conducted by Mr. Mallet. The results of these observations were that, whereas the specific gravity of cast-iron when cold is 7.17, it is, when melted, but 6.65. This fact being established, it is evident that, if the solid ball float upon the melted mass, it must be held in its place by other causes than superior lightness—these causes being probably related to the phenomena of the spheroidal state, as shown in liquids.

Contemporary Sayings.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* quotes from a certain Dr. Snaggleton the description of an extraordinary merman, which that gentleman declares he saw while rowing off the Irish coast, near Portrush. "In form and color," says Dr. Snaggleton, "he has much the appearance of an ordinary man; the skin was perfectly white, with the exception of the lower part of the body, which appeared to be striped, and of a blue-and-white color. There was a great quantity of black hair underneath the chin, and the nose appeared to be prominent and well developed. When I observed him he was standing composed on the top of a small cliff, with the arms pressed close down to the sides; and suddenly, to my astonishment, he took a sort of side-leap into the sea, within twenty feet of our boat. Fearing for the safety of the occupants of our small craft, I quickly pulled out into the open sea, and saw nothing more of him." Dr. Snaggleton thinks this mysterious creature may perhaps belong to a species termed *Submergis Japonarius*, or Japanese sea-diver, and intends, if possible, to procure a specimen and place it in the Belfast Museum. "From the doctor's description, however," says the *Gazette*, "there is just a faint hope that the merman may turn out to be a member of Parliament (probably a conservative, from his being striped blue and white), enjoying his 'relaxation' after the arduous duties of last session."

"The Welsh bards still preserve," says a London paper, "some of the characteristics of the minstrels of former ages, who excited armies to bravery by their recitations, and even preceded them into the fight. This warlike spirit displayed itself at an 'eisteddfod' held at Pontypool last week, where the competition of the minstrels led to discord and almost to blows. It seems that a prize of fifty pounds, and ten pounds for the conductor, had been offered for the choir, numbering not less than one hundred, which should best render Mendelssohn's 'Thanks be to God.' The Ebbw Vale and Pontypool choirs were among those entered, and the prize having been awarded to the Pontypool musicians, those of Ebbw Vale gave way to frantic excitement. They hooted, they yelled, they jumped on the platform, surrounded the judge and the chairman with threatening gestures, and behaved in such a manner that at last the police had to clear them out of the place. The position of a judge at an 'eisteddfod' must, under such circumstances as these, be rather disagreeable, and recalls the lines of Milton—

"I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of death;"

for, indeed, as a matter of precaution, the more a judge takes in strains of this description the better, seeing that he may be torn in pieces directly he has delivered his judgment."

A prominent Philadelphia physician writes as follows of the practice of compelling shop-girls to stand behind the counter during all their hours of service: "The custom is selfish, cruel, and useless. Selfish on the part of the proprietor requiring the women to stand all the time, whether serving customers or not, and this merely that they may appear to be always on the alert to wait on those who call. To stand from seven or eight o'clock in the morning to six, eight, or ten o'clock at night—as is the custom at certain stores—with a short time at mid-day for dinner, would weary any man. But to exact such service from girls and women! Their physical powers are, it is well known, much weaker than those of men; at any

rate, and by their anatomical and physiological peculiarities, they are entirely unfit for bearing this especially severe toil, viz., *standing all day long*. My professional brethren who practise largely among women are constantly witnessing the terrible consequences of this most cruel 'rule of the establishment.'

The *Nation* quotes from an address of the Internationals at Brussels a passage which it thinks contains the pith of their programme: "It is with a heart filled with an immense faith in the realization of that programme that to-day we conspire for the complete destruction of the state, with all its malevolent institutions, the annihilation of every kind of authority, under whatever form it may present itself, and for taking possession by the up-lifted masses of all the implements of labor, machines, and raw material, including the soil and all the riches which, by the most flagitious robbery—the exploitation of the starving multitude—alone it has been possible to accumulate in the hands of a small number of employers. These acts we propose to carry out with a provident promptitude, not by decreeing to accomplish with an efficacious energy, not by proclaiming; we find all summed up in the two words 'Anarchy' and 'Collectivism,' conditions which we consider indispensable to insure the triumph of the social revolution and the realization of our programme." Of this startling declaration, the *Nation* says: "What a poor, time-serving, weak-kneed, cowardly, heartless, conservative epicurean this makes even our own Phillips seem!"

"If it were not for the action of the wind," says the *American Garden*, "in removing the atmosphere poisoned by the emanations from the city, and replacing it with a purer atmosphere from the surrounding country, the city would soon become uninhabitable; but the winds have not such full sweep over cities, owing to the height of the buildings and other causes, as to thoroughly cleanse the atmosphere brooding over them. Hence the necessity of encouraging the growth of as much vegetation as possible within the limits of the cities themselves. But, through the growth of the city, land becomes too valuable to provide a sufficient area of parks and squares for such purposes. Resort must, therefore, be had to the streets themselves; and hence all streets not devoted to commercial purposes should be planted with continuous rows of trees on either side. Paris now has so large a number of parks, and its streets and boulevards are so profusely planted with trees, that, according to very reasonable estimates, the death-rate has been thereby reduced from one in thirty-four, as it formerly was, to one in thirty-nine, as it now is."

Something else has been found for our idle government to do. Because the negroes of the South have not sufficient work to employ each shining hour, Mr. C. Stearns wishes to provide business for them. He asks: "But what better measure could Congress adopt than to loan to a well-organized company of responsible citizens a sum of money to be used for this purpose? The deeds of the land could be made to the government, so that there would be no risk on its part, and a moderate rate of interest could be charged, out of which could be paid the expense of purchasing and collecting the installments." To which nonsense another wise man of the East, Benjamin Skinner, cries in the *Boston Commonwealth*, "Excellent! excellent!" And pray, Mr. Skinner, who will lend government the money which the government will loan to the "well-organized company of responsible citizens?"

"Happy is that human being," says the *Tribune*, "who has the tact to do a disagreeable thing beautifully. Here are the men of America continually a-babbling concerning the aggravating height of feminine hats in theatre-audiences. And yet no manager in the land has had the wit to remove those torments in the simple manner adopted by the functionary of a French provincial theatre. He made no boisterous observations; he gave no stern orders; not he. He merely printed in large letters on his play-bills this masterpiece of genius: 'The manager begs that all good-looking ladies will remove their hats for the accommodation of

the rest of the audience. The aged, the bald, and the plain, are not expected to comply with this request.' From that auspicious night the soaring bonnet and the mountainous hat were invisible in that wise man's theatre."

The *Academy* gives a few extracts from an old manuscript poem "Of English Beastes." One of these extracts speaks of the wonderful habit of the easy-going dormouse:

"On sharpest point and keenest edge, it will both sit & creep,
Which idle dames delight to see & then to lull asleep."

The Record.

A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

SEPTEMBER 24.—A Carlist dispatch from Tolosa, Spain, reports that Brigadier-General Perula has carried the village of Bicarun by storm, totally defeating ten battalions under General Moriones, with heavy loss to the latter.

The people of Louisiana opposed to the Kellogg government publickly, through their Committee Seventy, an address to the people of the United States on the subject of the recent events in that State.

SEPTEMBER 25.—Madrid dispatches state that the Republican troops in the province of Alicante have defeated the Carlists at Alcoy and Villenas. An engagement has taken place in the province of Biscay between the Republicans and the Carlists, in which the latter were defeated and routed. Many of the insurgents are surrendering to the national forces and asking for amnesty.

SEPTEMBER 26.—Paris advices state that the town of Andorra, capital of the neutral country of that name, lying between France and Spain, has been attacked by the Carlists because the authorities refused to surrender some arms which were seized while in transit across the frontier for the insurgents.

The *New-York Tribune* publishes documentary evidence found in Governor Kellogg's office during the Penn movement, showing that Attorney-General Williams, General Butler, Caleb Cushing, and others, acted as counsel for the Kellogg government during the Pitchcock-McMillan contest; several senators are said to be implicated, and there is evidence that large fees were paid them.

The rifle-match between the Irish and American riflemen shot at Creedmoor. The latter are victorious by three points.

SEPTEMBER 27.—A frightful typhoon passes over Hong-Kong.

The steamers *Leonor* and *Albay* and eight other vessels wrecked or foundered, and many are missing.

A great number of houses were destroyed, and it is reported that a thousand persons were killed. The damage to property in the city and harbor and surrounding country is immense.

Spanish dispatches state that the river Legre, in the province of Lerida, has overflowed its banks, and caused great loss of life and property.

SEPTEMBER 28.—The *New-York Tribune* publishes clubs from Governor Kellogg's check-books, showing that Senators Carpenter and West, United States Marshal Peckard, several custom-house officers, and others, were the recipients of checks from him during the past year and a half; Senator Carpenter is said to have received four thousand five hundred dollars.

Engagements between the Cuban insurgents and Spaniards near the river Largos, Iborcal, and at Mayari, are reported.

A severe storm at Charleston, S. C. The river-front inundated, and in the city the new theatre leveled to the ground.

SEPTEMBER 29.—A dispatch from Paris states that complete returns of the voting in the department of Maine-et-Loire, to fill a vacancy in the Assembly, show that M. de Maille, Republican, has been elected by 3,787 majority. The result of the election causes excitement in ministerial circles.

SEPTEMBER 30.—Spanish advices state that there has been four days' continuous conflict between the Carlists and the Republicans under General Moriones in Navarre.

Twenty-two battalions of the insurgents attacked General Moriones's army at Berain, near the town of Tafalla. A sanguinary conflict ensued, resulting in the repulse of the Carlists along the whole line. Their loss was very heavy, and they were compelled to ask the Republicans for medical assistance.

General Pleitain has been appointed commander of the national forces in the Basque Provinces. It is reported that Cucala's band has been totally dispersed.

Notices.

WHAT ARE ENGLISH CHANNEL SHOES? Sewed shoes have the seam that unites the sole and upper sunk into a channel cut in the sole. Americans cut this channel from the edge of the sole, and the thin lip turns up in wearing. The English channel, which *never turns up*, is cut from the surface, leaving a dark line when closed. As it cannot be cut in thin, poor leather, it indicates a good article.

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